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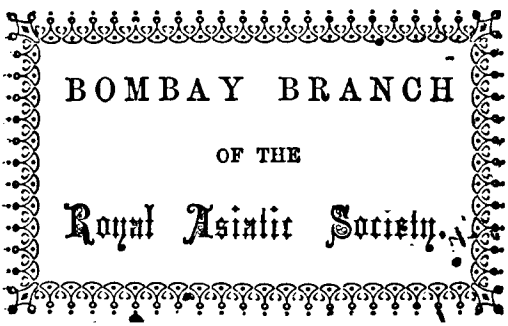

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OUT OF THE PAST

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SOME BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS

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BY THE RIGHT HON.

SIR MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF

G.C.S.I., F.R.S.

AUTHOR OF "NOTES FROM A DIARY"

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IN TWO VOLS.—VOL. I

LONDON

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ADVERTISEMENT

IN these two volumes, which may be considered as supplementary to my *Notes from a Diary*, I have collected some biographical papers, most of which have appeared in the periodicals enumerated in the Table of Contents, to whose Editors I beg to return my thanks for permission to reproduce them. I have added several Addresses of a similar character, which I have delivered from time to time. The last paper in the Second Volume was a Friday Evening Lecture, upon Epitaphs, given at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street. I have placed it here, because it deals with a subject to which the other contents of the volume naturally turned my thoughts.

> "For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
> That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest,
> Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before
> And one by one crept silently to rest."

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OUT OF THE PAST

CHESTERFIELD AS AN EDUCATOR

"THE eagle," said one of the wisest of men, "does not nestle securely in the very bosom of Jove, the day on which he has quarrelled with a beetle." How much more serious, however, is the predicament of the royal bird, if he has offended, not a humble insect, but an animal of a far higher order. This was the misfortune which befel Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. Justly or unjustly, for we know but one side of the story, he roused against him the anger of the "literary whale"[1] of his generation, and his memory suffers from it unto this day, in spite of the partial reparation which was made by his assailant. It is not my intention in the following paper to attempt to do anything towards rehabilitating Chesterfield, who had unquestionably his fair share of faults. Persons who set to work to rehabilitate damaged reputations are peculiarly apt to be attacked by a dangerous form of the *rabies*

[1] Peter Pindar prophesied very truly of Boswell—

"Triumphant thou thro' Time's vast gulf shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale."

biographica, and to confound truth and falsehood, right and wrong, in their headlong advocacy. The object of the following pages is far more humble, and purely practical. Mr. Leslie Stephen, not the least eminent of an eminent family, has adopted, or almost adopted, what appears to me a monstrously unjust criticism of Dr. Johnson's upon a work of Chesterfield's, which ought in my judgment to be far more generally read than it is; and I am anxious, by recalling to the attention of some readers what really was the essential part of the teaching of Chesterfield, to do something towards making the study of his *Letters to his Son* what I think they ought to be, a regular portion of the education of every Englishman who is likely to enter public life tolerably early. Before going further, however, it is absolutely necessary to admit, without any qualifications, that the book has some very grave defects. These fall for the most part under three heads.

1st. There are a number of coarse expressions and allusions thinly scattered through the four volumes which are, although they occur in all the light literature of last century, not the less repugnant to modern eyes and ears.

2nd. The whole book is pitched, so to speak, an octave too low, if not for the day in which it was written, at least for that in which we have the good fortune to live. A man of the world, as shrewd as Chesterfield, would in the year 1879 have grasped the truth that to make an assured and

honourable success in politics now, a character ought to be broader and deeper than that on the building up of which he laboured so assiduously. There must be just as much shrewdness and knowledge of the world as ever, in the composition of the politician who is to play at the gold table and to win; but there must be, in an age when great masses are to be moved, a good deal more enthusiasm, a good deal more sympathy, and a good deal more poetry.

3rd. There are a great variety of passages which inculcate what we have happily learned to think a most detestable morality. Chesterfield drew a broad distinction between ordinary dissipation and the gallantry which the practice of his times authorised in all continental countries, and to this topic he recurs with provoking frequency.

If I were engaged in estimating his character, it would be necessary to linger on this disagreeable subject, and to inquire what weight ought to be given to it in balancing his faults against his virtues. I cannot, however, make it too clear that I am not engaged in estimating his character. That was done very well, more than a generation ago, by the late Lord Stanhope in his History, and by Mr Hayward in an Essay, which has been reprinted.

My object is, as I have said, a purely practical one—to examine, namely, how far his *Letters to his Son* can be made useful at the present day, and it fortunately happens that all his bad morality may, for that particular purpose,

be left on one side. "No one," says an eminent legal writer, "however feloniously disposed, can run away with an acre of land," and it is not less certain that no young gentleman on his grand tour, however lax may be his principles, could form in every capital which he entered those intimate relations with ladies of position and reputation which Chesterfield is always pressing upon his son; although he would find it but too easy, if he had a turn that way, to indulge in those grosser forms of vice which Chesterfield so justly and so continually reprobates.

As to how far Chesterfield's views with regard to the women of his own day squared with the facts, it is beside my purpose to inquire; but whatever may have been the case a hundred and fifty years ago, there cannot be the slightest doubt that any young man of adequate merit and position, who was properly introduced, and would take a little trouble, could now pass from capital to capital, living everywhere in the society of women who would do all for his manners that Chesterfield desired, and more even for his mind and his morals than they did for his manners.

Before we can estimate Chesterfield's educational ideas correctly we must understand what he proposed to effect. He proposed, then, to make his natural son, Philip Stanhope—a youth of fair, but not shining abilities, cursed by nature with curiously ungainly manners—an all-accomplished man, worthy to stand in the first rank of politics,

now as a Member of the House of Commons, now as a negotiator at foreign courts, now as the confidential adviser of the heir to the throne, and now as Secretary of State. He wished to do this in an age when personal influences were much more powerful than they are in our day, when the people had very little power, when the idea of a Frenchman's fighting for "la patrie" as he would fight for "l'honneur du Roi" seemed wildly preposterous; when a letter in Germany might be returned if only one of twenty titles were omitted in the address—in short, in that world of minute etiquette and endless formalities which M. Taine has so well described in the first volume of his book on the *Ancien Régime* and the *Révolution.*

This being the problem to be solved, it is clear that importance would have to be attached to many things which are nowadays, to borrow a happy German-student phrase, "colossally unimportant;" while on the other hand the world having progressed much since the middle of last century, many things now of great moment could not be expected to find a place. On the whole, however, the reader will, it is to be hoped, think that there is much more of what is permanently valuable than is usually supposed in the book to which it is sought to direct attention.

What then was Chesterfield's system? And, first, what was its foundation? Its foundation, startling as the reply may appear to those who know his book only by hearsay,

was morality and religion, *as their author understood them.* If we turn, for example, to Letter cxx.[1] we find the following passage: "As to the moral virtues, I say nothing to you; they speak best for themselves, nor can I suspect that they want any recommendation with you; I will, therefore, only assure you that, without them, you would be most unhappy."

Again, in Letter cxxiii., after some observations about knowledge, we read: "For I never mention to you the two much greater points of religion and morality, because I cannot possibly suspect you, as to either of them."

Again, in Letter cxxxii. occur these words:

"Pray let no quibbles of lawyers, no refinements of casuists break into the plain notions of right and wrong, which every man's right reason and plain common sense suggest to him. To do as you would be done by, is the plain, sure, and undisputed rule of morality and justice. Stick to that; and be convinced that whatever breaks into it, in any degree, however speciously it may be turned, and however puzzling it may be to answer it, is, notwithstanding, false in itself, unjust, and criminal."

Looking on to Letter clxviii., we find this:

"While you were a child, I endeavoured to form your heart habitually to virtue and honour, before your understanding was

[1] My references are throughout not to Lord Stanhope's edition which, although the best, is scarce and dear, but to the third edition (1774), which is more easily procured.

capable of showing you their beauty and utility. Those principles, which you then got, like your grammar rules, only by rote, are now, I am persuaded, fixed and confirmed by reason. . . . I have therefore, since you have had the use of reason, never written to you upon those subjects: they speak best for themselves; and I should, now, just as soon think of warning you gravely not to fall into the dirt or the fire, as into dishonour or vice."

Nothing could exceed Chesterfield's horror and detestation of the ribald talk against morality, which was a not unnatural though calamitous result of the revolt against superstition, which formed so important a part of the history of the last century. On that subject he writes with a passion which he shows about hardly anything else.

Thus in Letter cxciii. he says:

"I hope in God, and I verily believe, that you want no moral virtue. But the possession of all the moral virtues, *in actu primo*, as the logicians call it, is not sufficient; you must have them in *actu secundo* too: nay, that is not sufficient neither; you must have the reputation of them also. Your character in the world must be built upon that solid foundation, or it will soon fall, and upon your own head. You cannot therefore be too careful, too nice, too scrupulous, in establishing this character at first, upon which your whole depends. Let no conversation, no example, no fashion, no *bon mot*, no silly desire of seeming to be above what most knaves, and many fools, call prejudices, ever tempt you to avow, excuse, extenuate, or laugh at the least breach of morality; but show upon all occasions, and take all occasions to show, a detestation and abhorrence of it."

With regard to religion he observes in Letter clxxx. :

"Putting moral virtues at the highest, and religion at the lowest, religion must be allowed to be a collateral security at least, to virtue ; and every prudent man will sooner trust to two securities than to one."

As to the form of his religion, Chesterfield began by being a bigoted, but soon became a very moderate member of the Church of England, extending his tolerance even to the Roman Communion, which, associated as it was with opposition to the rising spirit of inquiry and with the exiled dynasty, he heartily disliked both as a philosopher and a politician ; but to whose priests and services he directs his son to show on all occasions proper respect.

On this foundation Chesterfield desired to raise a solid superstructure of knowledge, beginning, of course, with what we now call the "three r's," and the subjects usually taught to children before they go to school. A large portion of the first volume is filled with letters upon the elements of political geography and history, generally written in French, which was carefully taught to young Stanhope from the very first. Of what we now call Physical Geography there is of course not a trace.

Soon Latin and Greek were added, and made the staple of education for some years under competent private tutors ; and later, at Westminster, "Classical knowledge," that is, Greek and Latin, the boy is told, while still only about

twelve years of age, "is absolutely necessary for everybody, because everybody has agreed to think and to call it so." . . . "You are by this time, I hope, pretty near master of both, so that a small part of the day dedicated to them, for two years more, will make you perfect in that study."

It would be an error, however, to conclude from this passage, that the writer did not attach importance to the study of the classics for their own sake. Many of his judgments about particular authors, as for instance where he speaks with contempt of the Greek epigrams, some of which are amongst the most exquisite of human compositions, are sufficiently absurd. For the Letters and *De Oratore* of Cicero, however, for the History of Thucydides, and the Orations of Demosthenes, he had evidently a genuine admiration; and again and again enjoins their study. Classical reading, indeed, filled a larger place in young Stanhope's training than a wise man, who had in view the same objects as Chesterfield, would now allow it to do in the case of his son. It must not be forgotten, however, that in the middle of the last century the importance of Greek and Latin works, weighed against the other literary productions of the human mind, was enormously greater than it is now. German literature cannot be said to have existed, and the number of works of a high order, either in French or English, was trifling compared with what we now

enjoy. Numerous passages could be cited to prove that Chesterfield had an eye for what was best in the writings of his contemporaries. Pope, Atterbury, Hume, Robertson, and Voltaire, receive indifferently the tribute of his respect for the excellence of their style and other merits, while he uses the very strongest language to describe the impression made upon him by the eloquence of Bolingbroke, of whom he has left a portrait worthy to be set side by side with some of Clarendon's. He was anxious that Philip Stanhope should write good Latin, and has some exceedingly sensible remarks upon that subject in Letter cxxxii., in which he contrasts the Latin of a gentleman with the "Latin of a pedant who has probably read more bad authors than good." Were he alive now, he would doubtless be very indifferent to his son's writing Latin at all. Circumstances, however, are entirely changed. In Chesterfield's time, not only did learned men still correspond not unfrequently in Latin, but the power of writing good Latin might at any moment have been useful to a man who, like Philip Stanhope, was intended to spend much of his life in countries where he would be brought into contact with men who used Latin as the language of business, which indeed was the case to a considerable extent in Hungary up to 1835, and in Croatia even later. Then, again, a great many branches of human knowledge, of which the elements should be mastered during the course of a general educa-

tion, did not then, at least for educational purposes, exist. Chesterfield speaks with respect of geometry and astronomy, desiring that his son should know their elements; but for him, as for most of his contemporaries, natural science had no being. To him a man who occupied himself with it was as frivolous a trifler as one "who contemplates the dress, not the characters, of the company he kept."

Now all this is altered. So able a person would have seen clearly that in an age when material progress has become such an important feature in the life of all civilised nations, when everything seeks for a scientific basis, it would be worse than futile for one who aspired to be in the forefront of politics not to have at least a general acquaintance with, and a sympathy for, one of the most important, if not indeed for the time the most important, portion of human activity. He is always urging his son to be the "omnis homo," the universal man, and to describe any man by such a name at the present day, to whom natural science was a sealed book, would be merely a bad joke. We may then be certain that as he could not increase the number of minutes in an hour, and as an important part of his system was to allow some six hours a day for work, and to devote the rest to exercise and pleasure, he would have suppressed the writing of Latin, and indeed every accomplishment, however elegant, which did not go to build up

his ideal of a statesman fully equipped for his work in the world.

A good foundation of Greek and Latin having been laid, Chesterfield's next care was to make his pupil perfect in German, Italian, and French, so that he might employ all those languages with ease, and become acquainted with what his father considered to be best in their literatures. Chesterfield had the greatest respect for the French authors of the age of Louis Quatorze: of the Italians he recommended especially Tasso and Ariosto, giving the preference to the second. His literary criticisms, in short, were the criticisms of most intelligent men in that age; sensible enough as far as they went, but rarely going below the surface of things. Woe be, it has been well said, unto the nineteenth century in so far as it denies the eighteenth, for it generally loses itself in dreams if it does. In criticism, however, it has certainly a right to boast that it is "far better than its fathers."

Young Stanhope, who, when he left England, already knew a good deal of French, was sent abroad with the Rev. Mr. Harte, a man of some learning, and the author, at a later period, of a *Life of Gustavus Adolphus*. They travelled by Heidelberg to Switzerland, and settled first at Leipzig, where, in addition to working at Latin and Greek, Stanhope heard lectures on public law and the law of the Holy Roman Empire, studied the principal European

treaties, and began to make himself acquainted with the best works on modern history, then a task far less formidable than it would be at present.

His father kept urging him to increase his knowledge of geography, "wearing out his maps by constant reference to them." He insisted, as I have said, on a perfect knowledge of French, German, and Italian, but treated Spanish rather as a counsel of perfection, pretty much as he would, if writing now, have treated Russian.

He advised his son to make himself acquainted with all the circumstances of every country in which he might be; to question every man whom he came across about the things which he knew best, and liked most to talk—old soldiers about war and fortification, priests about the ceremonies and tenets of their respective churches, diplomatists, and more especially the Venetian and Sardinian agents (of whom Chesterfield had a particularly high opinion), about political affairs. Nor did the old statesman fall into the error which has been too common amongst diplomatists, of thinking that commercial matters were only fit for the attention of consuls. On the contrary, he pressed Philip Stanhope to learn as much as he could about them, by reading whatever he could find that was really good, from Huet's treatise on the commerce of the ancients to Sir Josiah Child's little book, which might be called, he says, the *Grammar of Commerce*. It is true that

the mind of the teacher was full of the illusions that beset the world before the days of Adam Smith; but this did not arise from any carelessness or want of interest in the subject.

During his son's residence at Leipzig, Chesterfield's exhortations to the cultivation of good manners became incessant. These exhortations—which occupy so large a portion of the Letters as to have become associated with his name to such a degree as to have entirely thrown into the shade their most important features, and to have greatly misled people as to their author's character, fall into three categories.

First come a series of precepts so elementary as to be useless nowadays to any boys who have been decently brought up, but which are curious enough as showing how very low was the standard of manners in the middle of the eighteenth century at our public schools and universities.

Secondly, we find a great multitude of injunctions which were extremely valuable for one who was to spend a great part of his life in courts, as courts were during the "torrent's smoothness" which preceded the Niagara of the French Revolution. Many of them hold good at the present day, many do not; but it is unnecessary to dwell upon either. They were the tools of Philip Stanhope's trade, but are too technical to give any value to the book for general purposes now.

Thirdly, we have a number of maxims which are, and always will be, of great importance. I subjoin a very few of these:—

"In the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief." (Letter cxxxiv.)

"A man of the world must, like the chameleon, be able to take every different hue; which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance, for it relates only to manners, and not to morals." (Letter cxxxiv.)

"Cautiously avoid talking of either your own or other people's domestic affairs. Yours are nothing to them, but tedious; theirs are nothing to you. The subject is a tender one; and it is odds but you touch somebody or other's sore place: for, in this case there is no trusting to specious appearances; which may be, and often are, so contrary to the real situations of things that, with the best intentions in the world, one often blunders disagreeably." (Letter cxxxv.)

"The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable." (Letter xcvi.)

"There are two sorts of good company; one which is called the *beau monde*, and consists of those people who have the lead in courts, and in the gay part of life; the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe." (Letter xcvi.)

"All general reflections, upon nations and societies, are the trite, threadbare jokes of those who set up for wit without having any, and so have recourse to common-place." (Letter lxxviii.)

"Company is a republic too jealous of its liberties to suffer a dictator even for a quarter of an hour."[1] (Letter cc.)

"Good breeding carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill-breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid. No man ever said a pert thing to the Duke of Marlborough. No man ever said a civil one (though many a flattering one) to Sir Robert Walpole." (iv. 304.)

"When the old clipped money was called in for a new coinage in King William's time, to prevent the like for the future, they stamped on the edges of the crown pieces these words, *et Decus et Tutamen*. That is exactly the case of good breeding." (iv. 304.)

There is not a shadow of foundation for the idea that the manner which found favour with Chesterfield was an over-elaborate or affected one. That Dr. Johnson should have considered it so to be is natural enough, but as a matter of fact it was simply the kind of manner which is the usual outcome of good-feeling, a strong desire to please, and a wide acquaintance with men and things.

The objects of his supreme horror and aversion were the young Englishmen who were sent to travel abroad at twenty, "but who in truth stayed at home all the while, for, being

[1] It is curious to compare Chesterfield's idea of conversation with that of Dr. Johnson. To the latter conversation was a gladiatorial combat, in which he succeeded best who showed the greatest skill in fence combined with the strongest sinews. To the former it was either a means of adding to one's knowledge, or a harmless relaxation from business, in which he succeeded best who gave to his companions the greatest amount of pleasure.

very awkward, confoundedly ashamed, and not speaking the languages, they go into no foreign company—at least, none good." Of these he has given a number of sketches, as in Letters cl., clxi., etc., etc.

The kind of manner which Chesterfield approved, has been approved ever since, and will be approved to the end of time, by all competent judges. I do not know that it has ever been better described, than by a man who was the very antithesis of Chesterfield, in the warmth of his feelings, the loftiness of his ideal, and the depth of his enthusiasm. In a letter marked by all that curious felicity of style which received and deserved the enthusiastic praise of Montalembert, Albert de la Ferronays wrote:[1]

"Quant à l'élégance, je me fie à toi et je suis sûr que tu as celle que tu sais, celle que j'aime, ce bon goût cosmopolite qui n'est d'aucun pays et qui est de tous: un cachet étranger, ni italien, ni français, ni espagnol, mais de tout un peu, de rien en entier; une tournure à part, une mise à part, un parfum à part: tu me comprends, n'est-ce pas?"

The reason why Chesterfield so constantly referred to the subject of manners was, that they were Philip Stanhope's weak point. All his father's efforts never succeeded in making him other than what he was born, a very uncouth and clumsy person. Even Mr. Harte, who was much attached to him, and who was himself as unfortunate,

[1] In a letter from Korsen to his sister, who later became the mother of the great Catholic orator, Count Albert de Mun.

admitted that Stanhope wanted nothing except good manners, but that the want of them, considering his destination, was a fatal one.

The best as well as the most numerous of Chesterfield's maxims refer much more to the conduct of life than to manners, understood in their narrower sense.

Such are the following :—

"I would wish you to be a Corinthian edifice, upon a Tuscan foundation ; the latter having the utmost strength and solidity to support, and the former all possible ornaments to decorate." (Letter clvi.)

"Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things." (Letter clviii).

"Tout brillant qui ne résulte pas de la solidité et de la justesse de la pensée, n'est qu'un faux brillant. Le mot Italien sur le diamant est bien vrai à cet égard, *quanto più sodezza, tanto più splendore.*" (Letter ccv.—in French.)

"Pray be always in motion. Early in the morning go and see things ; and the rest of the day go and see people." (Letter ccxlvi.)

"The political reflections (in the Memoir of Cardinal de Retz), which are most of them printed in italics, are the justest that ever I met with ; they are not the laboured reflections of a systematical closet politician, who, without the least experience of business, sits at home and writes maxims ; but they are the reflections which a great and able man formed, from long experience and practice in great business. They are true conclusions drawn from facts, not from speculations." (Letter cxiii.)

"A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones." (iv. 298.)

"A man who tells nothing, or who tells all, will equally have nothing told to him." (iv. 298.)

"When a man of sense happens to be in that disagreeable situation, in which he is obliged to ask himself more than once, *What shall I do?* he will answer himself, Nothing. When his reason points out to him no good way, or at least no way less bad than another, he will stop short and wait for light. A little busy mind runs on at all events, must be doing; and, like a blind horse, fears no dangers, because he sees none. *Il faut savoir s'ennuyer.*" (iv. 299.)

"Patience is a most necessary qualification for business; many a man would rather you heard his story than granted his request. One must seem to hear the unreasonable demands of the petulant unmoved, and the tedious details of the dull untired. That is the least price that a man must pay for a high station." (iv. 299.)

"In business, an elegant simplicity, the result of care, not of labour, is required. Business must be well, not affectedly dressed; but by no means negligently. Let your first attention be to clearness, and read every paragraph after you have written it, in the critical view of discovering whether it is possible that any one man can mistake the true sense of it, and correct it accordingly." (Letter ccxxxiii.)

"Lay aside the best book whenever you can go into the best company; depend upon it you change for the better." (Letter ccxlviii.)

"Trivial futile books swarm and buzz about one every day; flap them away, they have no sting." (Letter ccxlviii.)

"Common sense (which in truth is very uncommon) is the best sense I know of: abide by it; it will counsel you best." (Letter cxxxii.)

"The height of abilities is, to have *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti*; that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior, with a prudent and reserved interior." (Letter cxxxiv.)

"Young as you are, I hope you are in haste to live; by living, I mean living with lustre and honour to yourself, with utility to society; doing what may deserve to be written, or writing what may deserve to be read: I should wish both." (Letter clxxxvii.)

From Leipzig young Stanhope went with his tutor to the Courts of Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna, whence they passed into Italy. While in that country he was encouraged by his father to pay a fair amount of attention to arts and antiquities; although, even there, history, languages, and society were to be his chief care. His Murray, by the way, was to be Alberti, a work "from whence I am assured," says Chesterfield, "that Mr. Addison, to save himself trouble, has taken most of his remarks and classical references."

After leaving Italy, tutor and pupil travelled by slow journeys to Paris whence Mr. Harte returned to England, but his late charge remained, devoting himself, or being supposed to devote himself, not apparently with any great success, to his "exercises."

The exercises on which Chesterfield insisted were riding, fencing, and dancing. It is odd that in the case of a person who was to move so much about the world as Philip Stanhope, he should not have added swimming. For field-

sports he had the most hearty contempt, and avowed it in a manner which seems strange when we think what a large place they now fill in the lives of men of his class in England. In Letter cxxiv. he says :—

"All gaming, field-sports, and such sort of amusements, where neither the understanding nor the senses have the least share, I look upon as frivolous, and as the resources of little minds, who either do not think or do not love to think."

Again, in Letter cxlviii., we find these words :—

"Sottish drinking, indiscriminate gluttony, driving coaches, rustic sports such as fox-chases, horse-races, &c., are, in my opinion, infinitely below the honest and industrious professions of a tailor and a shoemaker, which are said *déroger*."

Again, in Letter ccxxx., Chesterfield remarks :—

"The poor beasts here are pursued and run down by much greater beasts than themselves; the true British fox-hunter is most undoubtedly a species appropriated and peculiar to the country which no part of the globe produces."

Possibly the brilliant way in which hunting is now managed in this country might have induced him to modify his language; but he would, it can hardly be doubted, have sympathised with him who said: "England is the only country on the face of the earth where you are thought to have given a sufficient account of a gentleman of fortune and position, and one creditable to

the person spoken of, if you say, 'He is a Master of Hounds.'"

It is interesting to speculate as to what he would have thought of the interest excited, not in the crowd, but amongst people of his own rank, by the Boat Race, or the Public Schools Match at Lord's. The cricket of his day he classes with pitch-farthing, evidently considering both as very good games for little boys. Eight-oared boat-racing had not broken out in those times.

During Stanhope's residence in Paris, his father directed him to see all the best forms of society, to go much to Court and to the foreign ambassadors, to frequent as much as he was allowed to do the society of the more eminent men of letters, Montesquieu, Fontenelle, and the like. He was also to pay much attention to the courts of justice, and the general principles of the French law.

After a short visit to England, the young man returned to Paris, where he continued his education, and worked as a supernumerary attaché at the Embassy, under Lord Albemarle. After that he passed into Germany, and went eventually to Hanover, in the suite of the Duke of Newcastle.

"It is your first crisis," writes his father; "the character which you acquire there will, more or less, be that which will abide by you for the rest of your life. You will be tried and judged there, not as a boy, but as a man; and from that

moment there is no appeal for character: it is fixed. To form that character advantageously you have three objects particularly to attend to; your character as a man of morality, truth, and honour; your knowledge in the objects of your destination, as a man of business; and your engaging and insinuating address, air, and manners, as a courtier; the sure and only steps to favour. Merit at Courts, without favour, will do little or nothing; favour, without merit, will do a great deal; but favour and merit together will do everything." (Letter ccl.)

Stanhope was now at the age when most boys are on the eve of leaving school. About a year afterwards his father wrote to him as follows:—

"You are now but nineteen, an age at which most of your countrymen are illiberally getting drunk on port, at the University. You have greatly got the start of them in learning; and if you can get the start of them in the knowledge and manners of the world, you may be very sure of outrunning them in Court and Parliament, as you set out so much earlier than they. They generally begin but to see the world at one-and-twenty; you will by that age have seen all Europe. They set out upon their travels unlicked cubs; and in their travels they only lick one another, for they seldom go into any other company. They know nothing but the English world, and the worst part of that too, and generally very little of any but the English language; and they come home at three- or four-and-twenty, refined and polished (as is said in one of Congreve's plays) like Dutch skippers from a whale-fishing. The care which has been taken of you (to do you justice), the care you have taken of yourself, has left you, at the age of nineteen only, nothing to acquire but the knowledge of the world, manners, address, and those exterior accomplishments. But they are

great and necessary acquisitions, to those who have sense enough to know their true value; and your getting them before you are one-and-twenty, and before you enter upon the active and shining scene of life, will give you such an advantage over all your contemporaries, that they cannot overtake you; they must be distanced." (Letter cclxiv.)

The reader who has accompanied me thus far will have seen that Chesterfield was not easily satisfied in the matter of solid acquirements, and the following passage will impress that fact even more firmly on his mind.

In a letter written to Stanhope, when he was only seventeen, his father says:—

"When I cast up your account as it now stands, I rejoice to see the balance so much in your favour; and that the items *per contra* are so few, and of such a nature, that they may be very easily cancelled. By way of debtor and creditor, it stands thus:

Creditor, by		Debtor, to	
	French.		English.
	German.		Enunciation.
	Italian.		Manners.
	Latin.		
	Greek.		
	Logic.		
	Ethics.		
	History.		
Jus	Naturæ.		
	Gentium.		
	Publicum.		

This my dear friend, is a very true account, and a very encouraging one for you. A man who owes so little, can clear it off in a very little time, and if he is a prudent man will; whereas a man

who by long negligence owes a great deal, despairs of ever being able to pay; and therefore never looks into his accounts at all." (Letter cxcvii.)

It is not quite clear what Chesterfield meant by Ethics and Logic, but it is hardly probable that Stanhope had devoted any great amount of attention to either study. The other items on the creditor side, however, imply a large amount of acquisition for a boy of seventeen. As a matter of fact, thanks to the abominable arrangements of our schools and colleges, a far humbler curriculum than that which Philip Stanhope had passed through at seventeen, is not finished till two- or three-and-twenty, even by clever young men. And there is no reason to suppose that Philip Stanhope was clever. He was brought up on a plan which was relatively good, under excellent teachers; that was all the mystery.

Now, we should be well content, in the case of a man who desired to arrive at the highest political success, if general education could be finished by one- or two-and-twenty. The literature that ought to be read early, even if attention is only given to the very best books in each language, has enormously increased since Chesterfield's day; so have the mass and complication of modern history, and time must be found for the attainment of sound general ideas with reference to the elements of natural science, political economy, and our own municipal

law. All this might well cover the whole period before one- or two-and-twenty, even if time were gained by beginning the classics late, abandoning Latin composition, and throwing overboard everything now taught which could not successfully re-state the reasons of its existence.

A man, however, who aimed at the highest political success for his son, would not be satisfied without giving him a special preparation for politics, after his general education was complete. The range over which the modern statesman's knowledge must extend is far greater than that which was sufficient in the middle of the last century. A modern English statesman who limited his views as completely to Europe as Chesterfield very properly did, would inevitably be a very bad statesman. Nearly the whole of our existing colonial empire, and nearly the whole of our Indian Empire, have grown up since those days. In one of his later letters Chesterfield just mentions Clive, but, naturally, without having the faintest inkling of the way in which the deeds of the "bright-eyed young adventurer" would react upon and complicate our European position. An English statesman must in these days, if he would be anything but a blind guide, extend his view over the whole world. To him, more than to anybody else, apply the wise words of M. Laffitte, in his remarkable, and surely not sufficiently well-known book, *Les grands types de l'Humanité* :—

"Les chefs européens, il y a encore deux siècles, n'avaient guère à porter leur regards au delà de l'Occident. C'est tout au plus si la Turquie, de temps à autre, venait leur rappeler qu'il existait des orientaux. Toute la diplomatie se pratiquait entre populations qui s'étaient élevées ensemble, qui avaient contribué toutes, bien qu'à des degrés divers, à fonder une même civilisation, qui possédaient une croyance commune, dont les mœurs et les lois n'étaient point trop différentes. Mais aujourd'hui l'homme d'état doit porter dans sa tête la planète entière. L'Occident n'est qu'un point, l'Afrique et l'Asie l'inquiètent autant et plus qu'une partie quelconque de la vieille Europe ; il faut conclure des traités avec les peuples de l'extrême Orient ; il faut savoir ce qui se passe à Pékin, à Jeddo, à Calcutta, ou à Benarès. Comment cultiver ces relations, nouer ces alliances, gouverner en un mot, si l'on ignore ces populations, si l'on n'apprécie pas à leur valeur les civilisations qu'elles ont constituées? Le temps où l'on traitait de barbares ou d'imbéciles tout ce qui n'était pas chrétien est définitivement passé."

If, then, some knowledge of India and other Asiatic countries, together with some acquaintance with the British colonies, must be added to those subjects on which Chesterfield insisted, it is evident that we want more time. But the two great subjects we have mentioned are far indeed from exhausting the list of new requirements. The relations not only of the states of the Old World, but of those of the New, have become part of the knowledge which a man who destined his son for a political career, with the hopes which Chesterfield kept before his mind, would naturally desire him to possess.

If, however, more time is required for preparation, more is available. It has been seen that young Stanhope was already beginning the world at nineteen. He had, however, two advantages which even the sons of the greatest magnates cannot now command. His father could put him in the House of Commons as soon as he pleased, and could keep him in it while he fulfilled diplomatic functions abroad, only coming home to take part in its proceedings from time to time, at the call of the Government of the day, or as suited his own convenience, so that his political education for the highest posts was really being continued for a long time in the best possible way.

Few, however, are those who have the good fortune to get even into the House of Commons in these days at one- or at five-and-twenty; while no one finds himself at either of those ages both a legislator and a diplomatist. Now, too, that the custom of allowing ministers and ambassadors to attach persons, in whom they take an interest, to their legations or embassies has ceased to exist,[1] and that private secretaryships are given chiefly to members of the permanent Civil Service, the chance of young men who are preparing for political life getting any training in business of the highest and widest kind is much diminished. The best substitute for it, which circumstances permit, is probably that which so many take to, namely, writing in

[1] Happily this is no longer the case (1902).

newspapers and periodicals. But that, although it has many advantages, does not call into play the same faculties, and is subject to many drawbacks. Inconvenient, however, as it is that young men should have so few opportunities of being trained to statesmanship, it is in the nature of things, and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that, until the wealthy take the trouble really to train their sons for a political career, it will ever be otherwise. Constituencies naturally look out for a member who they think will represent them well when first elected, and cannot, except in rare cases, be expected to speculate on what he may become in a dozen years.

After some further travelling in Germany, Stanhope returned to England, and took his seat in the House of Commons. His father had been long turning his attention in that direction, for the House of Commons was then, much more even than it is now, the natural road to be taken by any one who, not born a peer, wished to arrive at a great position in the State. That assembly is doubtless much changed and improved since the day when so keen an observer as Chesterfield could write as follows:—

"To bring this directly to you; know that no man can make a figure in this country but by Parliament. Your fate depends upon your success there as a speaker; and, take my word for it, that success turns much more upon manner than matter. Mr. Pitt, and Mr. Murray, the Solicitor-General, uncle to Lord Stormont, are beyond comparison the best speakers; why?

only because they are the best orators. They alone can influence or quiet the House; they alone are so attended to, in that numerous and noisy assembly, that you might hear a pin fall while either of them is speaking. Is it that their matter is better, or their arguments stronger, than other people's? Does the House expect extraordinary informations from them? Not in the least; but the House expects pleasure from them, and therefore attends; finds it, and therefore approves." (Letter ccxi.)

"The receipt to make a speaker, and an applauded one, too, is short and easy. Take of common sense *quantum sufficit*, add a little application to the rules and orders of the House, throw obvious thoughts in a new light, and make up the whole with a large quantity of purity, correctness, and elegancy of style." (Letter cclxxii.)

It may be that no orator of our day has equalled the elder Pitt in his highest flights, but good speaking, of the kind just below the highest, has increased so much, that a man who was satisfied with the amount and kind of excellence which Chesterfield prescribed would not stand out from his fellows enough to obtain any great name.

Again, the vast variety of business which the House of Commons has accumulated in its own hands requires for its proper transaction a far greater amount of special knowledge than was requisite to meet the comparatively simple exigencies of Chesterfield's day, and the men who have that special knowledge are respectfully listened to, even when they speak detestably.

Still, after all allowance has been made for the change of

circumstances, there remains a great deal of truth in Chesterfield's remarks. A musical well-managed voice, and a graceful manner of speaking, go very much further with the House of Commons than is at all generally supposed by those who are not intimately acquainted with it. Of course, it would be easy to mention men on both sides of politics who have had very great success in spite of the possession of almost every defect against which Chesterfield warned his correspondent; but I suppose there are few men who have been long familiar with it, who would not say that adequate abilities accompanied by the sort of charm which a man like the late Lord Herbert had in so supreme a degree, would advance a man in the House of Commons more quickly than the most commanding genius unaccompanied by that charm.

The letters which can properly be called educational end with that of 27th November 1754, number cclxxix., in the fourth volume, and those which extend from 1756 to Philip Stanhope's death, in 1768, are at once of less interest, and far fewer in number.

Chesterfield's labours turned out only very partially successful, but they failed precisely where he expected them to fail. In 1748, he had written to his son: "I will tell you, sincerely, my hopes and fears concerning you. I think you will be a good scholar, and that you will acquire a considerable stock of knowledge of various kinds: but I

fear that you neglect what are called little, though in truth they are very material things; I mean gentleness of manners, an engaging address, and an insinuating behaviour; they are real and solid advantages, and none but those who do not know the world treat them as trifles. I am told that you speak very quick and not distinctly; this is a most ungraceful and disagreeable trick, which you know I have told you of a thousand times; pray attend carefully to the correction of it. An agreeable and distinct manner of speaking adds greatly to the matter; and I have known many a very good speech unregarded, upon account of the disagreeable manner in which it has been delivered, and many an indifferent one applauded, for the contrary reason." (Letter cxv.)

This was exactly what happened. Philip Stanhope turned out an extremely well-informed, nay, learned man; but he showed no aptitude whatever for oratory, all but breaking down in his maiden speech, while he was quite remarkable for the want of those manners of which his father had said to him, very early in the day, that "though the last, and it may be the least ingredient of merit," they were, however, "very far from being useless in its composition."

It would have been vain to argue in favour of Chesterfield's method from the accident of its having succeeded in the case of Philip Stanhope, and it is equally vain to argue

against it from the accident of its having partially failed with him. It must be judged on its own merits, but it would be very interesting to learn from some critic who, like Chesterfield, had directed great affairs, what, if any, are its weak points, other than those which, however important, are not of its essence, and to which I have pointedly called attention at the outset of these remarks.

If Chesterfield's method, with the large modifications which have been suggested, is not the best education for a statesman before he is old enough to take part in politics, then which is the best?

That is a question which *les classes dirigeantes* in all countries had better ask and answer wisely, if they are not ere long to be contemptuously thrust aside by the new social strata as *les classes digérantes*. Let them show that they are fit to lead, and they will continue to do so for many a long day, at least in England. They have wealth and hereditary predisposition in their favour; why should they not add to these advantages a reasonable amount of taking trouble?

When every other avocation is beginning to discard mere rule of thumb, perhaps a little more systematic training for the most dignified of all avocations would not be wholly amiss. From time to time some political genius appears who seems so great that no training would have made him greater. That, however, is probably an optical illusion,

produced by the atmosphere of admiration through which we gaze on him. Even in medicine we hear of wonderful things being done by irregular practitioners. An orthodox physician said disparagingly of one of these who was attending a friend of mine[1] the other day, "Ce n'est pas un médecin, c'est un guérisseur!" We may smile at that, but none the less do we usually prefer that our medical attendants should have been educated for their profession.

[1] Jules Simon.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF OXFORD, 1847-1850

OUR President,[1] whose will should be law to all of us, having suggested that I should contribute a short paper, it has struck me that a few reminiscences of Oxford, as I knew it, might not be altogether unacceptable, more especially as the recently published Life of the late Master of Balliol has drawn a good deal of attention to the college of which I became a member, under his auspices, half a century ago.

The Oxford of my undergraduate days was the old, unreformed Oxford. It would be strange indeed if I were to regret it, for I took an active though humble part, by vote and voice in Parliament and elsewhere, in altering it, almost from foundation to summit. I should, nevertheless, be the last to deny that it had many charms.

[1] Lord Reay, under whose guidance this Society, one of whose objects is to bring together students of the French and Scottish Universities, was first started.

The Oxford on which I looked for the first time as a boy of sixteen, in the summer of 1845, was that which was described by Matthew Arnold in one of the most beautiful prose passages which that great poet—to me the most sympathetic of all the singers who have lived in our time—has left behind him.

"Beautiful city! so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce, intellectual life of our century, so serene!

"There are our young barbarians, all at play! And yet, steeped in sentiment as she is, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, to beauty—in a word—which is only truth seen from another side, nearer perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen! Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic, who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! Home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! What example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all so prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him—the bondage of 'was uns alle bändigt, Das Gemeine'! She will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son, for she is generous, and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparitions of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines compared with the warfare which this queen of

romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?"

My stay in Oxford on the occasion of my first visit was a very brief one, and the incident of it which dwells most in my mind is my having made, on a lovely June morning, when the wild roses were in flower in the hedges, the pilgrimage of Littlemore, whither the great magician, who had so long riveted on himself and his university so much of the attention of educated England, had retired to meditate on the past and the future.

This reconnaissance of mine was made in the beginning of the long vacation, when the colleges were all empty, and I saw no one save Mr. Coxe, the very learned second in command at the Bodleian Library, who showed me some of the treasures under his charge.

Next year I returned to Oxford for about a fortnight, a little earlier in the year, and saw something for the first time of undergraduate life, the dominant idea of which appeared to be, for the moment, that, as the weather was extremely hot, and as the work of the term was over, the whole duty of man consisted in drinking through long straws the then recently introduced American drink known as "sherry cobbler."

I was present at the ceremonies of the Commemoration, which have been so often described; but almost the only

other event of any interest which I can recall, is hearing a sermon of no particular note from Dr. Pusey, whom the secession to Rome of the recluse of Littlemore, in the autumn of the previous year, had left the undisputed head of the High Church party in the Anglican communion.

I returned to Oxford in the January of 1847, to read with a tutor, and matriculated at Balliol on the 17th March. It was a sufficiently absurd caprice of destiny which took me thither. I ought to have gone to University College, and have become the pupil of Arthur Stanley, of all men then alive the one whom I should have most liked to have had for my guide, philosopher, and friend. I need not detail the circumstances which prevented this, but it was no fault either of his or mine, and it was on his recommendation that various formalities were waived, and I became a commoner of Balliol.

Few incidents worthy of chronicling occurred during this period, but I see I have noted a remarkable sermon on Rev. iv. 6-8 by Jowett, which was preached on what was known as Assize Sunday, in the presence of the judges and the Bar of the Oxford circuit. I observe that I entered in my diary at the time that it was "admirable"; but I believe it excited a good deal of remark amongst old-fashioned persons, who complained of its containing "pantheistic views of the Apocalypse,"

whatever that may mean. I also heard about the same time a sermon by Stanley on St. John, which was afterwards published, and helped, save the mark, to earn for him the reputation of a heretic! Times are changed! it would now be thought as harmless a composition as could well be delivered from any pulpit.

I went into residence at Balliol on the 14th of October 1847. It was not then the beautiful college which it now is. Most of the buildings which were then standing belonged to a bad period, and one of them was, I remember, irreverently but not infelicitously described as resembling "a bad old inn." In spite of these disadvantages, Balliol occupied the first place amongst its sister societies, thanks chiefly to the reforms introduced by its very shrewd but equally eccentric master, Dr. Richard Jenkyns.

The tutors were, for the most part, men of considerable ability. Among them were Lake, who later became Dean of Durham; Temple, the present Archbishop of Canterbury; Lonsdale, whose chief function was the delivery of lectures in chapel; Riddell, who would, if he had not died too soon for his fame and his friends, have been one of the first Hellenists in England. Last, but not least, there was Jowett, to whose special care I was assigned. His Life, as I have already mentioned, has been lately written; but it may be

doubted whether his biographers have quite succeeded in conveying to the outer world any adequate explanation of the extraordinary influence which he exerted, and which increased through ever-widening circles during the whole of his life. I should despair of succeeding at all where they have not wholly succeeded. even if I had been able to explain the phenomenon to myself. I saw him very frequently during the whole of my stay at Oxford, and never had the shadow of a shade of a difference with him. I never heard him say any of the rather acrid things with which he has been credited; but, on the other hand, I cannot say that I gained very much from him. The truth is, I did not care in the least for any of the subjects in which he was interested, save the liberalising of Anglican theology, while he cared just as little for the subjects that chiefly attracted me; and yet—and yet—I too fell, to a great extent, under the spell, and remain under it to this day. I suppose it formed part of the atmosphere of the place, and that it took hold of me without my being conscious of it. The only definite thing I can point to are his addresses delivered to his pupils the evening before they received the Communion, which it was customary to do once a term. One of these occupies the first place in the collection of his sermons, published soon after his death. I heard that delivered twice—once in the autumn of

1847 and again in the May of 1850—and I suppose it would be difficult to address young men in a wiser or better way. I attended a great many lectures by him on St. Paul's epistles, but I cannot say that I carried away anything from them of the slightest value. He was engaged at the time in maturing his own ideas for the work which he produced some years later, and in which there is a great deal that is excellent; but it is not to be compared for one moment, and still less were the *primi pensieri* on which it was founded, to Renan's volume on St. Paul in the *Origines du Christianisme*.

Whatever may have been the use of occupying the minds of young men destined for the priesthood with the confused reasoning of that great man of action, whom the Positivists grotesquely enough consider to have been the founder of Christianity, but who might, not unjustly, be described as the grandfather of Protestantism, it was an odd training for men who were destined for the Bar, the Senate, or other secular pursuits. I remember that, after Jowett had been discoursing with infinite subtlety on the meaning of the word "nomos," in St. Paul, one of these remarked: "It appears to me that, according to Jowett, 'nomos' has seven senses in St. Paul's writings—in the first, it means God; and in the seventh, it means the devil!"

I ought to add, that Jowett gave me some good hints

about simplicity in writing. "No man of your age," he said, "hardly any man of mine, ought to have a formed style." To my thinking, he himself wrote better in Latin than he did in his own tongue. It used to be a real delight to hear him turn a passage of Ruskin, for example, into Ciceronian prose. One of my companions at his Latin prose lectures was a son of the great navigator Parry, who died as Bishop of Dover, and who had a most happy knack of Latin writing. Yet in every case, good as he was, he was over-trumped by the lecturer.

If I were to add that some of Jowett's lectures on the history of Greek philosophy, of which I only heard a very few, appeared to me interesting, I should be at about the end of all I can say.

The whole system of college lectures, as they were in those days, was utterly bad—most of them indeed were a cruel waste of time. Those of us who meant to work, would have done much better if we had been reading quietly in our rooms, under the general direction of the tutors, rather than attending lectures, which were usually lectures only in name, and followed the catechetical method which is appropriate for schools, but very inappropriate for a university.

In my first term I made an effort to attend some of the professorial as distinguished from college lectures. I went to one of Cardwell's, the Professor of Ancient History, about

Athens in the time of Socrates, and to several of Cramer's, the Professor of Modern History, on the Thirty Years' War; but the hours, the examination system, and the whole arrangement of the curriculum, made it so difficult to attend professorial lectures, that I was soon obliged to leave them out of my plan of study.

I have said that I did not get much good even from Jowett's lectures, but I got more good from them than from any others. I did a little elementary mathematics with Temple, but that was not a subject in which I ever had the slightest interest. I attended a lecture of Riddell's on the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, first-rate from the point of view of the merely verbal scholar; and I attended many lectures on the *Ethics* of Aristotle, by a worthy man long since dead, which might have been described by the well-known lines—

> "Mr. Parker made the case darker,
> Which was dark enough without."

The same individual, however, introduced me to Polybius, of whom I had never before read a line. That was a good deed, which will, I trust, be counted to him for righteousness.

To return to Jowett. His real importance began after I had left Oxford. The foundation of it was laid by his extraordinary devotion to those pupils in whom he took a

special interest, and his unsparing pains in helping such of those, lying outside his more intimate circle, as desired his assistance in Latin and Greek composition. It was advanced by the literary reputation which he gained by his work on some of St. Paul's epistles, as well as by his contribution to *Essays and Reviews*, while it was prodigiously increased by the persecution to which he was subjected during the "Sixties." I remember being asked in a country-house, by one of his opponents, not foolisher than a great many others, whether it was true that he used to sit at his window gnashing his teeth as the men went to chapel! And a person of supreme political importance talked hardly less absurdly to me about him.

I believe his popularity with the undergraduates rather declined after he became Master of Balliol, and an altogether prosperous person; but his most enduring fame will rest on what he did in that capacity. He was, I apprehend, the greatest head of a college who ever lived, but before he became so I had left Oxford for more than twenty years, so I can only speak as a distant though interested spectator.

I have somewhere seen it asserted that the year of Revolution did not find much echo in Oxford. That statement requires qualification. Some of my friends were certainly very much interested; and as for myself, I am afraid the wars of 1848 and 1849 occupied my attention

at least ten times as much as did those of Greece and Rome. More especially was I fascinated with all the details of the Hungarian struggle, thanks to the accident of my having spent most of the summer of 1847 in various parts of the Austrian empire. I have always thought myself singularly fortunate in having walked across the old boat-bridge which connected Pesth with Buda, and in having paid toll on the same, as being a stranger, and therefore on a level with the *Misera contribuens plebs*, which alone paid taxes in that land where the *nobilis* or freeman had so many privileges. That took one back to a state of things not very dissimilar in some respects to the *Ancien Régime*.

I copy a handbill which amused us in those days:—

"LIBERTY! EQUALITY! FRATERNITY!

"CITIZEN ACADEMICIANS,

"The cry of Reform has been too long unheard. Our Infatuated Rulers refused to listen to it. The term of their tyranny is at length accomplished.

"The Vice-Chancellor has fled on horseback. The Proctors have resigned their Usurped Authority. The Scouts have fraternized with the Friends of Liberty.

"The University is no more. A Republican Lyceum will henceforth diffuse light and civilization.

"The Hebdomadal Board is abolished. The Legislative Powers will be entrusted to a General Convention of the whole Lyceum.

"A Provisional Government has been established. The

undersigned citizens have nobly devoted themselves to the task of Administration.

(Signed) Citizen CLOUGH,
President of the Executive Committee.
SEWELL.
BOSSOM (Operative).
JOHN CONINGTON.
WRIGHTSON (Queen's).

"FLOREAT LYCEUM."

Clough was, of course, the poet, whose early death closed a career which had been at its outset of such transcendent promise. Conington was the great Latinist, who began as a Radical, to end as a rather extreme Conservative in Church if not also in State. Sewell was the very clever and extremely silly Anglican leader, of whose contributions to the *Quarterly* Lockhart used to say: "They teach nothing, they mean nothing, they are nothing—but they go down like bottled velvet." He too it was who, when he stopped half-way and did not go over to Rome with the chiefs of his party, had turned against him his passion for most unscientific and absurd derivations, by its being said that his name was derived from *Suillus*, a little pig, because he did not go the whole hog! I am not sure that there is any classical authority for the word *suillus;* if not, the statement is all the better as an imitation of his wild work with etymology. He was brother of Miss Sewell, whose writings, the *Experience of Life*, *Amy Herbert*, and the

rest, were so great a boon to the young of the "Forties" and "Fifties." Bossom was, if my memory serves me right, a very fat porter at Brazenose.

The athletic craze, which has done not a little to counteract the good influences so potent at Oxford since the beginning of 1851, was not an important element in the Oxford which I knew. There was plenty of amusement of various kinds—many men, indeed, did nothing but amuse themselves—but their pursuits were manly, not boyish. Football and the like had been left behind at school by all save a very few. Boating was the favourite pastime of the great majority, and a very good one, save for those who took to racing, and often, I am afraid, suffered in after-life from over-exertion. My own amusements were fencing and walks. Archibald Maclaren, who was our *maitre d'armes*, had been trained in the schools of Bertrand and Raimondi. He was an excellent fencer, had seen a good deal of French life, and was something of a poet. Towards the middle of the "Fifties" he wrote a book called *The Fairy Family*, which contained some pleasant verse. From my walks I obtained not only a great deal of pleasure, but much more instruction than I did from all the college lectures I attended.

The real advantage indeed of a residence in Oxford, as it was from 1847 to 1854, consisted, it seems to me, almost wholly in the benefits one gained by the constant intercourse

with men of ability about one's own age or a little older. From the first moment I went into residence I deliberately laid myself out to know as many of these as possible. It was not till long years afterwards that I read the words of that wisest of the children of men, Balthasar Gracian, "Make teachers of your friends"; but I can most assuredly claim the merit of having been his unconscious disciple during all the time I spent on the banks of the Isis. Looking back to my diary for the autumn of 1847, I see that I had already then made the acquaintance of several men whom it was a great privilege to know, in addition to having renewed a boyish friendship, formed in Edinburgh many years before, with George Boyle, later the Dean of Salisbury, whose delightful *Recollections* have been so widely read. Prominent amongst these men was Patteson, who was murdered in the South Seas, when Bishop of Melanesia, and who was an ideal specimen of the very best results of Anglican teaching; and another with whom I became gradually very intimate was Henry Smith, decidedly in my judgment the most remarkable man who has made Oxford his home during the last half-century. I do not think Jowett at all exaggerated his merits, in the following extract from a communication which he sent me when I was Governor of Madras:—

"Since I received your letter, you and I have lost one of our dearest friends—to me, one whose loss makes life sensibly

different. I have thought a good deal about him since his death, and he seems to me, perhaps, the most remarkable man I have ever known. He was such an extraordinary combination of the speculative and the practical, and also of *abandon* and self-control, of the philosopher and the man of the world, also of kindness, with a sort of playful cynicism, as well as of other opposite qualities. In practical life his great aim was to keep people together, which he accomplished with the most marvellous versatility. He was very little known, considering his real eminence; but in the chorus which has burst forth since his death, I find competent judges speaking of him and Gauss as the two greatest mathematicians of the century. We rejoiced in his light for a season!"

It would be impossible, however, to enumerate all the men from whom I learned a great deal at Oxford in *tête-à-tête* walks, and I must pass on to other subjects.

The Union, as the great Debating Society is called, is an excellent institution. I only knew one man who did what I think many would have done wisely to do, treated it, that is to say, as the main object of his undergraduate life, considering his regular college work as a mere unimportant detail. This was Knatchbull Hugessen, with whom I afterwards sat in the House of Commons for many years, and of whose political course I could not sometimes entirely approve; but who owed to his devotion to the Union that readiness of speech which gave him his first start in the Lower, and which, if all tales be true, rather over-mastered its possessor in the Upper House. In those days he was a

Tory of the Tories, Protectionist, and what not. The best speaker, however, of my day was Lomer of Oriel, a strong Liberal, who died early.

I myself spoke but rarely, and invariably upon foreign or Indian questions, which then as always, interested me more than any others. My first speech was delivered in support of a motion by Morier, who died as ambassador at St. Petersburg, in favour of diplomatic relations with Rome.

Looking back at sixty-eight upon my life at eighteen, I can see that a great deal of my energy was misdirected. I find numerous such entries as this:—"19th October 1847. —Gave in some of the *Lotus-eaters* (Latin hexameters) and a piece of Latin prose to Jowett." A similar entry on the 23rd October. A similar one on the 6th November. On the 24th, "took Greek iambics to Jowett," and so on, and so on. For all the direct or indirect good I got for the purposes of life by such exercises, it seems to me I might just as well have been playing bowls or doing worsted-work. Our reading, too, for the final examination was not very profitable. The following was the list of books which along with Logic I took up for my degree: Aristotle's *Ethics*, Aristotle's *Politics*, Butler's *Sermons*, Thucydides, Herodotus, the *First Decade* of Livy, the Histories of Tacitus; Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Sophocles; Four Plays of Æschylus, the *Trilogy*, and the *Persæ;* Four

Plays of Aristophanes, the *Birds*, *Frogs*, *Knights*, and *Acharnians*.

"Very excellent books too," some one will say; but then the more important portions of them all—save the first three—I had read, for the most part, at school; I had passed when I went to Oxford through a very sufficient classical curriculum, and should have done infinitely better for myself if I had given the whole of my time there to modern studies. That, however, was perfectly out of the question. The University in those days recognised nothing save classics and mathematics. Modern languages, science, and the other studies, which are now encouraged, found no place whatever in its examinations. A man who 'otiosely imbibed modern literature," to use the phrase of a well-known tutor of those times, instead of working for the regular examinations, would have been either set down as a mere idler, or have been ill-looked upon at such a college as Balliol.

During my first year I quite fell into the way of the place, and worked pretty steadily, with a view to going in for high honours at the end of my course. A very serious eye complaint, by which I was attacked in the summer of 1848, and from which I have suffered ever since, made that impossible, and I determined eventually to go into the schools as soon as possible, taking what honours I could. By making pretty extensive use of the eyes of others I

secured a second, and got through a reasonable amount—if not of reading, yet of hearing—outside the recognised limits of academic study.

The Oxford of the last three years of the fifth decade of this century will be characterised by the future historian of the University as lying mid-way between two very interesting periods. The first fervour of the movement of 1833 had exhausted itself. The most brilliant men whom it had brought to the front—Newman, Faber, and W. G. Ward—had found in 1845 or 1846 their natural place in the bosom of the Roman Church.

The activity of those of their disciples who did not follow them over the Rubicon had been transferred to London and other large towns, or to country parsonages. The Liberal Party, on the other hand, though growing gradually stronger, was not yet strong enough to do very great things. I cast in my lot with it at the Union and elsewhere from the first moment I went up; but I had friends also in the opposite camp, and my Oxford may be said to have been a compound of about one-third of the *Lyra Apostolica*, to two-thirds of Clough, Stanley, and Matthew Arnold. The publication of J. A. Froude's *Shadows of the Cloud* was one of the incidents of my first term.

It takes me a long way back to think that the opinions propounded in that book, or in the *Nemesis of Faith*, which appeared a year or so later—I do not speak of their

scandalous setting—should have made such a sensation as they did. We have wandered pretty far since then; and no doubt in a hundred ways Oxford has improved. The burden of clericalism, which lay so heavy upon it from 1830 to the end of 1850, has been lifted. Nevertheless there is a great deal of reform, and perhaps some wise reaction, still to be accomplished, though I fear it must be preceded by a radical change in the instruction given in our schools. I confess I have my doubts whether the great influx into the University of men belonging to classes different from those which frequented it fifty years since has been of much advantage. Of course it is an excellent thing that men of great ability, born in the humbler ranks, should have an opportunity afforded them through University foundations to play at the gold instead of the silver or copper tables of life. That is good for them, and good for the State; but surely it is manifest folly to draw to the University large numbers of men who have not great ability, but who learn there the works and ways of their social superiors, when they ought to be acquiring the kind of knowledge which might enable them to earn their living, and to be useful members of society. I read lately an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, entitled "Our Gentlemanly Failures," which was full of wisdom, and put the point I am now making exceedingly well. Every year adds to the number of "nice young men," quite well-behaved, not wholly ignorant

of Latin and Greek, excellent cricketers, and all the rest of it; but perfectly useless, condemned to stand all the day idle because no man has hired them, and that for the very sufficient reason that they cannot do anything better than anybody else. I think I can best put my view by saying that I am all in favour of making ladders by which gifted youths may climb from obscurity to the high places of learning; but quite opposed to making inclined planes, by which youths, not gifted above their fellows, may easily proceed a little way up, only to look round in a bewildered way asking, "Why have we come here, and what shall we do next?"

I began these remarks, however, not with a view to discuss the Oxford of 1897, which I freely admit to be on the whole immensely superior to my Oxford, but to put together a few stray observations about the Oxford of 1847 and the years immediately following it; an Oxford which is as dead as is the whole state of things that existed in Western Europe on that memorable day when the first shot was fired before the Hôtel Guizot.

SENIOR'S "CONVERSATIONS"

In the month of December 1860, Count Cavour, after speaking very highly of the late Mr. Senior, added: "But since he has taken to keeping a kind of journal, he has neglected more serious things." The remark, which was made to the present writer, struck him as showing how little the great Italo-Genevese, whose personal acquaintance with England was much slighter than many people suppose, really knew about us and our deficiencies. Mr. Senior was no doubt an excellent political economist, and served the public well in many ways, but the other things which he did were things which many could do well, whereas no man of his generation evinced any aptitude for keeping up a constant connection between the most intelligent portion of French and English society, by carefully reporting the conversations of the first for the benefit of the second. His manuscript journal remained, during his life, in what our neighbours call a *demi-jour de publicité*, but none the less did they exercise considerable influence in forming the

opinions of persons who could give effect to their opinions. Since Mr. Senior's death, his journals have for the most part reposed upon their shelves, but sufficient changes have occurred to entitle his daughter to lay a small portion of the valuable materials which she possesses before a wider public. A few years hence many Conversations may see the light, which it would not now be proper to publish; but what is at present given to us is so interesting that it may well afford occupation to the reader for some time to come.[1]

It has often been said by persons who had access to Mr. Senior's journals, that their value was much diminished by the fact that his foreign friends knew that their conversation would be reported, and by their having an opportunity of correcting the manuscript before it was circulated. That is true to some extent, but not to a very great extent. Most men usually say what they think, only putting on a mask occasionally; and having heard many of the people whom Mr. Senior used to see, talk, on many occasions, when they were perfectly at their ease, I can affirm that he very well represented the general drift of what they were in the habit of saying. A better founded criticism is that of some other persons, who point out that Mr. Senior had little dramatic power, and that all the sayings of his

[1] Many more volumes of the Conversations have been published since—all interesting.

friends have passed through the alembic of his own mind, thereby losing a good deal in point and brilliancy.' That is true enough, but Mr. Senior's object in recording the conversations which he heard was rather political than literary, and it is as a contribution to political history that the book, of which I am about to speak, should be regarded.

One of the most important parts of it, and the first to which I shall call attention, consists of a series of lectures, "*privatissima*" as they would have been called in Berlin, delivered by M. Thiers upon his own history, of which Mr. Senior gives the following account :—

"*London, March* 8, 1852.—During the last two months I have seen much of M. Thiers. Allusions are often made to his political life, and he is so disgusted at my ignorance that at last he has undertaken this part of my historical, or rather biographical, education. He thinks that in nine or ten conversations he can give me an outline of it, and of course I am delighted to hear a very interesting story from a very accomplished narrator."[1]

Under the date of November 30, 1852 we have the following entry, which may be taken as a satisfactory indication that Mr. Senior had succeeded in throwing accurately upon paper the views of the illustrious lecturer.

"I called on M. Thiers at eight this morning.

[1] Vol. i. p. 1.

"Lady Ashburton had read to him in French the beginning of my report of our conversations in the spring; about, he thought, fifty pages. He admitted its general accuracy."

"THIERS.—There are some few things that require correction, not because they are important in themselves, but because, the report having passed through my hands, I become responsible for what I am made to say, and inaccuracies in slight points, which would be immaterial if *you* alone had to answer for them, ought not to be passed over by *me*."[1]

We will first look at the evidence which is furnished to us of M. Thiers' ideas of the duties of an administrator. Would it be easy to conceive a higher standard than that which he lays down in the following passage?

"THIERS.—When I was preparing for war in 1840, I sat every day for eight hours with the Ministers of War, of Marine, and of the Interior. I always began by ascertaining the state of execution of our previous determinations. I never trusted to any assurances if better evidence could be produced. If I was told that letters had been despatched, I required a certificate from the clerk who had posted them or delivered them to the courier. If answers had been received, I required their production. I punished inexorably every negligence, and even every delay. I kept my colleagues and my bureaux at work all day, and almost all night. We were all of us half-killed. Such a tension of mind wearies more than the hardest bodily work. At night my servants undressed me, took me by the feet and shoulders, and placed me in my bed, and I lay there like a corpse till the morning. Even my dreams, when I dreamt, were administrative. To do all this, a man must have an iron

[1] Vol. i. p. 126.

will, an iron body, and, what is rarer than either, indifference to the likes and dislikes of those about him, for he is sure to be hated; there is only one exception, and that is in the case of a general. A good military administrator is the idol of his troops, because they feel that their comfort and even their safety is the result of his care and of his energy; he is their providence. But the labours of the civilian are unknown to those who profit by them. The sailors at Toulon did not know that it was owing to *me* that their ships were well stored and victualled."[1]

There spoke the man of untiring energy who in extreme old age rushed round Europe to try to find allies for France; but in the next few extracts, in which M. Thiers exhibits himself not as an administrator, but as a statesman, we shall see the victim of his own evil teaching, the anti-international man, who asked, quite in good faith, on that celebrated journey, "Against whom are you making war in France?" and received from the great German historian to whom he put the question, the terrible answer, "Against Louis the Fourteenth!"

If there ever was a cause which should have commanded the sympathies of all intelligent and all generous minds, it was that of the Spanish revolutionists of 1820. They had risen against the very worst of tyrants, and they had conducted themselves with great moderation. If there was a nation in the world on which they had a claim, it was France. And here is the cynical account which a *soi-disant*

[1] Vol. i. p. 136.

liberal Frenchman, thirty years after the event, gives of his share in the disgraceful expedition of the Duc d'Angoulême, without being able to plead for his conduct the slightest tincture of religious sympathy with the clerical party, or any regard for the Bourbon family on either side of the Pyrenees:—

"In 1822 I was a young man, very poor, supporting myself by writing in the *Constitutionnel*. Mignet was one of my collaborateurs; La Fayette and Manuel were the political men whom I most consulted. The Spanish expedition was proposed —the expedition with respect to which your Canning came forward in the character of Æolus and threatened to scatter the invaders by enchaining the tempests. La Fayette and Manuel declared that the expedition ought to fail, and would fail; that a French army would not march to prevent an independent nation from shaking off an intolerable tyranny; and that, if it did attempt such an enormity, the Spanish nation would rise *en masse* and destroy it, as it had destroyed the more formidable invasions of Napoleon.

"I maintained that the government in sending the expedition acted wisely, both for the interests of the throne and the interests of the nation; that it was essential to the safety of France that Spain should be under her control; that if Spain continued constitutional — that is to say, if the feelings of the people were to influence her policy—the antipathy of the Spaniards towards the French would make her a rival or an enemy instead of an ally; that it was the duty, therefore, of every French government to put down every Spanish constitution; that the expedition, instead of being opposed, would be popular with the army, to which it offered both fame and revenge; that it would meet with no serious

resistance in Spain, and would establish the Bourbon throne by giving to it the prestige of political success and military glory. And I offered to ascertain the feelings of the troops then forming what was called the sanitary cordon—and that afterwards became the invading army—by travelling to the Pyrenees and mixing with the officers and men in their tents and cantonments.

"My offer was accepted, and I traversed the whole line from Perpignan to Bayonne. I found both officers and men in the disposition which I expected—delighted with the prospect of a campaign and amused by the *niaiserie* of those who thought that any ideas of liberty, or of international law, or of moral responsibility, would prevent their marching wherever they were ordered.

"Talleyrand heard of my mission and of its results, and wished to see me. I was presented to him at M. Lafitte's; he joined, or professed to join, in La Fayette's fears of a formidable Spanish resistance. He said—what, by-the-bye, was not true—that he had always dissuaded Napoleon's invasion, and had predicted its failure; and he added that he fully expected a similar result now.

"I said that the Spaniards would not resist this invasion precisely because they had resisted the former one, that they now knew by experience what it was to fight a disciplined army with guerillas, and that no mere political objects would induce them to suffer again the miseries of insurrectionary war. It was on this occasion that I said: 'L'Espagne est une Vendée éteinte,' *un mot qui fit fortune*. This conversation was an era in my political life. It procured for me the intimacy of Talleyrand, and, what was of more importance to me, the principal direction of the *Constitutionnel*, then the greatest political organ in France."

If this frank avowal should obtain for M. Thiers the

hatred of all good Spaniards, the next extract which I shall make should be equally serviceable to his memory in Italy.

In a conversation on the subject of the expedition to put down the Roman Republic, a transaction hardly less infamous than the expedition of twenty-six years before into Spain, M. Thiers observed to Mr. Senior, who had just returned from Rome :—

"I do not believe a word that was told you by any Roman. No Italian is to be trusted—least of all an Italian Liberal. . . . It was not for the sake of the Roman people, it was not for the sake of the Pope, it was not for the sake of Catholicism, that we went to Rome. It was for the sake of France; it was to plant the French flag on the Castle of St. Angelo; it was to maintain our right to have one half of Italy if Austria seized the other. Rather than see the Austrian eagle on the flagstaff that rises above the Tiber, I would destroy a hundred constitutions and a hundred religions. I repeat, therefore, that we, the planners of the Roman expedition, acted as statesmen."

His radically wrong conceptions of the causes of national greatness are well shown in the next passage which I shall quote, a passage which will, however, appear to our own Chauvins to be "written reason" :—

"France has hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years before her. If her ambition deserts her, if she thinks of nothing but peace and wealth, if she surrenders to others the first place in influence and in arms, and desires merely to be at the head of literature, and art, and civilisation, she will not long preserve that ad-

vantage. Military and political superiority carries with it every other pre-eminence.

"Three hundred years ago the first power in Europe was Spain. The consequence was that her literature, her habits, and her language were everywhere diffused and copied. She lost her political greatness, and every other greatness fell with it. Venice, as long as she was a great naval power, was the queen of Italian art. She produced no Titians after she ceased to rule the Adriatic. When France is no longer feared she will no longer be admired. When Paris is no longer 'la ville diabolique,' from which eruptions containing a great deal that is good, but perhaps more that is bad, flow over Europe, Madame Barenne will no longer be able to make Mrs. Senior and Madame Thiers pay for a cap three times what it is worth. Fashion will fly after power; not to the Thames—for *vou* will not be our heirs—but to the Neva."[1]

France has for seven years been acting on the opposite principle, dragging with her through much of that time her Old Man of the Sea, from whom she was only relieved in 1877. Never has she had such a period of prosperity. The only blot on it has been the waste of money in absurd and exaggerated military preparation, which will either be simply thrown away or will entail a renewal of calamity.

The following extract from a conversation of 1860 shows the speaker's prescience and knowledge of what was going on beyond the Rhine.

"THIERS.—I cannot understand the Prussian system. From 18,000,000 of population they are raising 500,000 soldiers. It

[1] Vol. i. p. 167.

is as if with our 36,000,000 we had 1,000,000 soldiers. They are ruining their finances, ruining their industry, and their great army will be a bad one. I fear that Prussia is on the eve of a great disaster. We have made an important improvement in our military system. We have supplied every depôt with clothes and shoes on the largest war footing, and they are to be constantly kept complete and ready."[1]

My next quotation will exhibit at once M. Thiers' courage, cleverness, and want of scruple. He is narrating his share in the unwise attempt at restricting the suffrage, which so much helped the conspirators of the 2nd of December.

"THIERS.—My plan was received with great favour; but doubts were suggested as to its practicability. Would the people bear it? Changarnier, whom we called to our councils, answered for one of two things—either the submission of the people, which he thought probable, or their being crushed by the force at his command if they resisted. Would the Assembly pass it? Would they venture to legislate for the express purpose of excluding the poor? 'The Gauche,' I answered, 'if it consisted of men of parliamentary habits, and was under good leadership, would certainly be able to prevent its passing. But we will say that our object is to exclude, not *les classes pauvres*, but *la vile multitude*. These words will drive the Montagne mad; they will frighten all the moderate party out of their wits, and we shall pass the law in a storm.' 'And who,' they replied, 'will devote himself to the furious, unforgiving hatred of the Rouges by calling them "la vile multitude?"' 'That,' I said, 'I take on myself.'"[2]

M. Thiers' views on free trade are so well known that it

[1] Vol. ii. p. 326. [2] Vol. i. pp. 76-7.

is not worth while to restate them; but they crop up from time to time in these conversations, and remind the reader that his influence was almost exclusively for evil, as well on the strength of France as on the uses to which she put her strength.

Many of those to whom he was familiar as a parliamentary speaker, administrator, and statesman, are not aware that he had given great attention to art, and many who know that fact do not know the remarkable conclusions at which he had arrived. How much the world lost by his not being able to devote his whole strength to this subject, may be gathered from the following observations:—

"SENIOR.—Do you put France as high in art as in science and in arms?

"THIERS.—Certainly I do, with the exception of painting, in which we are nothing. Where is there Gothic architecture like that of our cathedrals? Where is there a classical building equal to the façade of the Louvre?

"SENIOR.—What think you of the façade of the great temple of Pæstum?

"THIERS.—That is a glorious monument, but not equal to the Louvre. If we go to the arts which depend on language, where is there eloquence like that of Bossuet? Where is there a depth of intelligence like that of Molière? Where is there poetry like that of Racine? The choruses of Esther and Athalie are to all other compositions like a Raphael Virgin to one of Guercino or Guido.

"SENIOR.—Do you put Racine above Shakespeare?

"THIERS.—I cannot compare him with Shakespeare, whom I

read only in translations; but I put him above Homer; I put him above Virgil, whom he most resembles; I put him, in short, above all that I know."

Such are a few of the passages which throw light on the darker side of the man whom all France lately delighted to honour, honouring thereby much that is bad in her past, but honouring also the daring, versatility, resource, abundance, and brightness which are amongst her many virtues.

The future historian will in all likelihood pronounce much the same verdict on M. Thiers' character and life which Mr. Carlyle long ago pronounced on the earlier of his two great works:—

"It has, for these last seven or eight years, a wide or even high reputation; which latter it is as far as possible from meriting. A superficial air of order, of clearness, calm candour, is spread over the work; but inwardly it is waste, inorganic; no human head that honestly tries can conceive the French Revolution *so*. A critic of our acquaintance undertook, by way of bet, to find four errors per hour in Thiers: he won amply on the first trial or two. And yet readers (we must add), taking all this along with them, may peruse Thiers with comfort in certain circumstances—nay, even with profit; for he is a brisk man of his sort, and does tell you much, if you knew nothing."[1]

The most interesting thing in the whole series of conversations with M. Thiers is the account which he gave of his interview with the President when the news of Novara came

[1] Carlyle, *Essays*, vol. iv. p. 120.

to Paris, but it is too long to quote. It is almost as striking as Hekekyan Bey's description of his visit to Mehemet Ali the night that Napier was before Alexandria; and that, which appeared in a fragment of Mr. Senior's Egyptian journals, published in the *Fortnightly Review*, is worthy of Tacitus.

Although, however, M. Thiers is the protagonist of these volumes, so many other actors appear on the scene that no more space can be given to him.

Another remarkable figure who is constantly meeting us in Mr. Senior's pages is M. Cousin, and there is a certain poetical justice in so much of the unwisdom of that famous personage being preserved, with the most friendly possible intentions, by one on whom his criticisms were not always of a too amiable kind. The opinions which are recorded are often eminently characteristic. Here is a specimen:—

"*May 20th*, 1856.—COUSIN.—No Frenchman can be satisfied with the present state of France. We are still confined within the limits to which we were reduced when we were a conquered people, when Europe, in a blind spirit of vengeance, thought that she could not trample us down too deeply. We are still without a northern frontier; Prussia is only three days' march from Paris."[1]

On the other hand, there occur occasionally passages which show more insight, while they are eminently like the man. Here speaks the biographer of Madame de Sablé,

[1] Vol. i. pp. 92-3.

who said to an Englishman when he asked him whether he meant to go to a fancy-ball where dresses of the seventeenth century were to be worn, "No; I trust to meet these ladies one day, but elsewhere."

"*May 20th*, 1853.—COUSIN.—Where do you think is French honour, French integrity, French generosity, to be sought for? Among the *vieilles marquises* of the Faubourg St. Germain? You will not find there much knowledge or much curiosity, much acquaintance with what has been, or much interest in what is; but you will find kindness, simplicity, patriotism, truth, disinterestedness, friendship, domestic affection—in short, all the virtues, and I fear all the prejudices, of an aristocracy." [1]

Nothing is more curious than the way in which Cousin won and kept his position in Paris, and that amongst persons of whom numbers must have known how little there was that was valuable or real under his showy exterior. I remember an eminent man who is still alive telling me that he once went to see M. Cousin when he was engaged in bringing out his Plato. Presently he began to declaim most eloquently upon the extraordinary difficulty of translating the *Timæus*. After working himself into a passion, he suddenly looked up, and, checking his flow of eloquence, said: "Oh, I beg pardon. I forgot it was *you* who translated it!" His visitor was one of the younger men [2] to whom he had applied to aid him in the task for which he got the credit.

M. Cousin was a philosopher by profession, but of all the

[1] Vol. i. p. 183. [2] Jules Simon.

innumerable pages which he has left upon philosophical as distinguished from historical or literary subjects, I should like to know, from some competent authority, how many have any sort of real permanent value. And yet for years and years he was a literary, and to a great extent a social, dictator. If any one would see to what an extent that was the case, just let him turn to the paper upon Cousin, reprinted in 1860 in Renan's *Essais de Morale et de Critique*. It is easy to see how completely the keen and delicate perception of the reviewer was wounded by the insincerity and superficiality of the reviewed; yet what respect, what compliments, what infinite care to veil every little objection in a mist of pleasant things! Amongst many admirable observations in that paper is one that the essentially French character of M. Cousin's mind is a great bar to his being appreciated in foreign countries. In this respect, and not in this only, he resembled M. Thiers, from whom, in many respects, he differed so widely. But the measure of the disadvantage which a foreigner has in criticising M. Cousin is well given by the next sentence in M. Renan's essay: "If you translate M. Guizot's *History of Civilisation* into German or English, the translation will not be very inferior to the original; but would it be the same with the lectures of M. Villemain? Certainly not. Those exquisite studies would lose part of their grace and of their Atticism, which is so seductive to us."

I daresay they would; but an Englishman could read twenty pages of Villemain's writing with intense pleasure for one of Cousin's. It was the same with his conversation. Villemain's conversation was the very best I ever had the good fortune to hear, and that as well when he was in society as when one was alone with him. It is unlucky that Mr. Senior seems to have lived but little with one so well worth reporting, although at the same time I do not think Mr. Senior would have caught, or at least reflected to others, the peculiar charm of his conversation. Here is one of the few pieces of it which occur in these volumes :—

"VILLEMAIN.—In many things *we* have gone back. Before the Revolution we were a reading people. One sees from the autobiographies of that time, from those of Marmontel for instance and Rousseau, that even the inferior *bourgeoisie* were educated. Every country town had its literary circles; many of them had academies in which not only the sciences, but the great writers of France and of Italy, were studied. We were not so engrossed by the serious cares of life as to disregard its ornaments. *Now* the time that is not devoted to the struggle for wealth or power, to place-hunting or to money-making, is spent at the café or the theatre. No one reads anything except the newspapers; and not much even of them is looked at, except the *feuilleton*.[1]

These remarks must be taken with a good deal of qualification. I recollect, only a few years after this conversation took place—I think in 1860—Michelet's

[1] Vol. i. p. 221.

telling me that the *ouvriers* were taking to read and buy the old French classics, under the impression that it was chiefly through the education received from them that the black coats were their superiors. Since the war of 1870 the taste for reading seems to have increased very greatly in France. Even at such a place as Oran in Africa I have been told by a bookseller that his sales were far greater than before that event, and the dispersion all over the French provinces of the excellent series known as the *Bibliothèque Nationale* is another noticeable fact.

Amongst the few people whose conversations might perhaps have been omitted with advantage, in these volumes, is M. Léon Faucher, of whom we had more than enough in Mr. Senior's journals which appeared in 1871. He died in 1854, and is now as forgotten as, on the whole, he deserves to be.

At page 174 of the first volume occurs one of the slips which the editor, who has done her work very well, ought to have corrected. Jasmin, the barber of Agen, was not a Basque poet, but a Gascon poet. When the audience at Madame de Circourt's listened for four hours and a half, with books in their hands, to him reciting his verses, they performed no doubt a remarkable feat, but still a possible one. By the help of French translations we could all make shift to listen to Gascon verses for an hour or so, but Heaven forbid that we should attempt the same thing if

the recitation were in Basque! Does not Mrs. Simpson know that the devil himself, after having spent seven years in the study of that agreeable idiom, had only mastered the words for "yes" and "no"?

If it had been Lamazou, singing some of the wild Basque songs which he used to bring in by way of contrast to his Béarnais ones, that would have been another matter, for they were extraordinarily beautiful. But the idea that Madame de Circourt, of all people, should have exposed her guests to the fearful ordeal of four and a half hours of Basque recitation gives one a cold shudder.

This gifted and admirable woman figures a good deal in these two volumes, which belong for the most part to the period of her life before the terrible accident which made her a hopeless invalid during all her later years. Some of us, who are of the generation after Mr. Senior, only knew her in that phase, and she was so charming then, that it is hardly possible to imagine that she could ever have been more charming, even in the fulness of her activity and health. Her husband, M. Adolphe de Circourt, is one of the few persons still alive of whose conversation some fragments appear in these pages, and all he says here, as all he says elsewhere, proves him to be one of the best informed of men. It was of him that Lamartine said, "If I were a king, I would sell my library and buy Circourt."

There are no wiser words in this book than those

spoken by him in the *salon* of Madame de Rauzan, another invalid who gathered round her all that was best in Parisian society, and whose good qualities are happily continued in her descendants.

"CIRCOURT.—The missions of England have been many. One was to introduce into the world a representative government, another was to give it free trade, another is to keep alive for happier times the embers of liberty that still remain in Europe. But your great mission is to found empires, to be a *magna mater virum*, to scatter wide the civilised man. Fifty years hence the United States will be more populous, richer, and more powerful than any European community. Two hundred years hence Australia will be a greater nation, or system of nations, than the present United States. Three or four hundred millions of men, the most energetic in the world, will then speak English. French, Italian, and German will be dialects as comparatively insignificant as Dutch and Portuguese are now. Those who desire wide and permanent fame should write in English."[1]

If these volumes had been published before the Franco-German war, most people would have turned first to the conversations with Madame Cornu about Louis Napoleon. Her mother was *dame de compagnie* to Hortense, and the two children were brought up like brother and sister. Even now her observations will be read with the greatest interest, but I cannot do more than call attention to them, and cite

[1] Vol. i. p. 411.

two passages, to the first of which Solferino and Sedan have given a grim importance.

"*Thursday, April 28th*, 1859.—I called on Madame Cornu.

"MADAME CORNU.—Louis Napoleon is delighted with the war. A war to drive Austria out of Italy, in which he should command, has been his dream from boyhood. He said to me once at Ham: 'I trust that some day I shall command a great army. I know that I should distinguish myself. I feel that I have every military quality.' 'Is not experience,' I answered, 'necessary?' 'Great things,' he replied, 'have been done by men who had very little of it. By Condé, for instance. Perhaps it would be better for me to die in the belief that I am fitted to be a great general than to risk the experiment. But I will try it if I can, and I believe that I *shall* try it.'"[1]

In the second, after strongly expressing her opinion that the late Emperor was really the son of the King of Holland, whom he much resembled in person and in tricks of manner, Madame Cornu goes on to say:—

"Louis Napoleon was an attractive child. He was mild and intelligent, but more like a girl than a boy. He is a year older than I am; when we quarrelled he used to bite, not to strike. He used to say to me: 'Je ne t'ai jamais battue.' 'Non,' I answered, 'mais tu m'as mordue.' He was shy, and has continued to be so. He hates new faces; in old times he could not bear to part with a servant, and I know that he has kept ministers whom he disliked and disapproved only because he did not like the 'embarras' of sending them away. His great

[1] Vol. ii. p. 228.

pleasures are riding, walking, and, above all, fine scenery. I remember walking with him and Prince Napoleon one fine evening on Lansdowne Hill near Bath. The view was enchanting; he sat down to admire it. 'Look,' he said, 'at Napoleon; he does not care a farthing for all this. I could sit here for hours.'

"He employed me some days ago to make inquiries for him in Germany in connection with his book. Mocquard wrote me a letter of thanks. Louis Napoleon added to it, in his own hand, these words: 'Ceci me rappelle les bontès qu'avait Madame Cornu pour le prisonnier de Ham. Les extrêmes se touchent, car les Tuileries c'est encore une prison.' When the Duke of Reichstadt and his own brother lived, he used to rejoice that there were two lives between him and power. What he would have liked better than empire would have been to be a rich country gentleman in a fine country, with nothing to do but to enjoy himself."[1]

Mr. Senior was in Paris in 1854 when the discussion came on in the Corps Législatif, with reference to the prosecution of M. de Montalembert on account of the publication, or alleged publication, of a letter which gave offence to the Imperial Government; and his report of the speech which the great orator delivered on that occasion bears remarkable testimony to his powers of memory.[2] The name of Montalembert was naturally much in the mouths

[1] Vol. ii. p. 337.

[2] The testimony of Lord Odo Russell, who heard the speech, is invoked by Mr. Senior in favour of his accuracy. I believe that Lord Arthur would be equally willing to attest the accuracy of Mr. Senior's reports of conversations held in his presence.

of men at this time, and Mr. Senior records several very bitter things that were said about him. The remarks of Lamartine, more especially, will give persons unacquainted with France some sort of idea of the ferocity with which eminent public men in that country criticise each other. Montalembert's criticisms upon Lamartine, if Madame Cornu's informant could be depended upon,[1] were not more amiable. Now, however, that they are both gone, their mutual hostility is but of small importance. Some few of the political acts of Lamartine will be remembered by posterity, as, for example, his opposition to the bringing back the bones of Napoleon from St. Helena, which vivified with fatal effect the accursed Bonapartist legend, and his putting aside the red flag in 1848; but he will be known chiefly, in the centuries that are to come, as the author of some pages which appeal to the universal human heart. The same fate is reserved for Montalembert, but destiny has been perhaps even kinder to him. *The Life of St. Elizabeth* will long survive the great speech on the Sonderbund; but the Montalembert of Pisa, reading aloud the manuscript of his *St. Elizabeth*, which another and even more gifted hand has traced, will probably survive the book itself, as much longer as *it* will survive the memory of his political life.

Another very interesting character to whom we are in-

[1] Vol. i. p. 323.

troduced is Daniele Manin, with whom Mr. Senior appears to have been pretty intimate. The following conversation, which took place between them on the 17th of May 1856, ought to be comforting to English Liberals in 1878 when their prospects look so black.

"In the present state of Italy (said Manin) a political life cannot be a happy one. A public man has to endure shame and remorse if he serves the despots; chains, or poverty, or exile if he serves his country.

"I never deceive my friends by hopes of happiness or of fame, or even, as far as they are concerned, of success, except ultimate success; but generations may perish in obtaining it.

"SENIOR.—By success you mean independence?

"MANIN.—By success I mean not merely independence, but unity; and by unity I mean a single political organ, be it a monarch, or a senate, or a congress, with power to direct against the common enemy the force of the whole Italian nation."[1]

In little more than fourteen years from the time when these words were spoken, the whole gigantic work, which Manin thought might take generations, was done and ended. Parma was gone, Modena was gone, Tuscany was gone, Austria was gone, Naples was gone, the States of the Church were gone; and nearly all this had taken not fourteen years, but only a decade, to accomplish.

Among the less known *dramatis personæ* of this book is Chrzanowski, a Pole, who had served first under Napoleon,

[1] Vol. i. p. 84.

then in the Russian army, had taken part later in the insurrection of his countrymen in 1831, had been employed by our Embassy in Turkey, and had commanded at Novara. He was a man upon whose reputation rested, justly or unjustly, in the opinion of many of his own countrymen a sort of shade; but he had unquestionably great ability, and his criticisms both upon the Crimean and Italian wars, which fill many pages of these volumes, may still be read with profit.

Here is one of many true and curious remarks scattered up and down amongst them—a remark well worth remembering in these times:—

"*June* 1855.—CHRZANOWSKI.—Russia always gains by time: a barbarous country is not affected by loss of men, or even of money, as a civilised one is. Taxes, conscriptions, requisitions, and devastation are submitted to in Russia as the cold and snow are submitted to. Her rough rude capital is quickly replaced, and she has always the resource of bankruptcy. You cannot really weaken her but by dismembering her, and that you have not courage to attempt, or even to propose to yourselves as your object."

And here is another on which one would like to hear the opinion of military men who know modern war on the great scale:—

"*June* 1*st*, 1855.—Russian Army. CHRZANOWSKI.—Of an average regiment not three per cent. are really brave, and fifty per cent. would run away if they could; forty-seven per cent. would not

run, but they lose their presence of mind; and if they do serve long enough for doing it well mechanically, they fire wildly, load with the ball before the powder, or leave the ramrod in the gun, and do not hear, or do not understand, the word of command."

If this was true when it was spoken, is it likely to be less true now that the weapons of destruction have become much more perfected, when 7,000 men, just the amount of the Indian troops brought by us at so great a cost to Malta, can be destroyed in thirty-three minutes, as actually happened to the Russians before Plevna? And has not this consideration some bearing on the question of volunteer *versus* conscript armies or universal military service? If the higher kind of physical courage is so much less common in armies than is sometimes supposed, are not the chances great that more of it will be found amongst those who choose soldiering for their profession than amongst those who are forced into it? and had not the French military critic, who came to the conclusion that the English were really a much more military nation than the French, something to say for his opinion?

Readers of M. Mérimée's charming novelettes will find him, a little further on in the book, in a new character.

"*May 8th*, 1857.—MÉRIMÉE.—I am somewhat fatigued with my exertions of yesterday. I breakfasted with the Court at Villeneuve l'Etang, and we amused ourselves with what you call romping, and we *des jeux innocents*. The Empress and her

ladies occupied a hill with a steep slippery slope, the gentlemen tried to mount it, and were repulsed by nosegays and parasols, till at last the Emperor threw himself, when half-way up, on all fours, scrambled to the top, made way for himself and his followers, and established himself *maître de la position*. The display of pretty feet was charming, all the more so to us who have not seen a lady's foot for the last four years. The Rouges give him a spine complaint; I never saw a man stronger or more active." [1]

The next passage I shall quote shows M. Mérimée, in a very different capacity, as the keen, clear-headed watcher of events. Senior has asked him whether France was likely to interfere with a Spanish Republican movement. The date is 14th May 1857.

"No; at least if the crisis occur, as it probably will, during the reign of *celui-ci*. I had a long conversation with him on my last return from Spain. When I talked of the fall of Isabella and the succession of the Duchess of Montpensier, his eye glistened, but it resumed its usual calm fixedness when I described the unpopularity of the Bourbons and the probability of a Republic. The example of a Republic, as the Spaniards would manage it, will be rather a warning than a temptation to France.

"SENIOR.—Will they be able to manage one at all?

"MÉRIMÉE.—Yes, by means of their municipal and provincial institutions. Our Republics fail because our centralisation has deprived us of the habit, and therefore the power, of self-government. What we call a Republic is merely exchanging the despotism of the Tuileries for the despotism of the Hôtel de

[1] Vol. ii. p. 141.

Ville. Spain is less centralised than even England; every province, every town, every village has its aristocracy, its democracy, its representative assembly, its local pride and patriotism, and provides roughly enough for its own administration. If her neighbours will let her alone, she will naturally crystallise into an aggregate of municipalities like Switzerland, under the nominal sovereignty of a Cortes at Madrid; she will have no army, no fleet, no railroads, except those which are made for her during the monarchy, no trade, no colonies, no influence in Europe; she will be weak, obscure, quiet, and prosperous."[1]

Things did not turn out exactly so in 1873; but *respice finem* is a maxim which may be recommended to those who are too confident that something of the kind may not yet take place on the other side of the Pyrenees. Good judges speak well of the disposition and abilities of Alfonso XII., but how difficult it will be for him to hold his own in Spain if the Republic consolidates itself in France! His reign is a compromise between two extreme and active opinions. Both of these are powerful in Spain, and the current of affairs in Europe is running strongly in favour of the more powerful of the two.

At page 250 of the second volume there is a conversation about Louis Napoleon in which Guizot says a good deal that has not much value, but in the course of which Mr. Senior, who usually keeps himself studiously in the background in

[1] Vol. ii. p. 159.

these diaries, makes a very true observation. "It is remarkable," he says, "that Louis Napoleon, with his name and his excellent manners, should have made such little way in London society." It is indeed remarkable. I remember Mr. Dickens frankly confessing to me that although he had seen a great deal of the late Emperor when an exile, he was never struck by anything he said except once, when "he thought he gave rather a clever account of his having been had up at Bow Street." Mr. Dickens mentioned, however, that the late Lord Lytton had taken a different view, and had shown him a note written by himself in which he formed a very accurate estimate of the man, long before he became famous.

A little further on we come to the following account of Madame Récamier by Madame Mohl, which ought to send the reader to her agreeable biography of her friend.

"When I first knew her in 1831 she was fifty-three. Her complexion was still fair, but her colour, which had been brilliant, was gone. Her hair had been dark, but turned grey very early. Her eyes were black and both bright and soft. Her figure, fine in youth, but never slim, was dignified, though not tall. She was still pretty rather than handsome, though I have known women keep their youthful looks much later. She was anxious to please, and had as much frankness as is compatible with that anxiety. With great softness and attractiveness of manner, she had something about her which repelled familiarity. No one ever took a liberty with her. A clever little girl of seven years old, whom I took to see her, asked me

if she was related to the Queen. 'Why,' I said, 'do you ask?' 'Because,' she answered, 'she looks like a queen.'

"She read much, and contrived to do so by having regular hours on which no one intruded. Her door was not open till half-past two, and then only to Chateaubriand. At about four came other intimate friends, and later in the evening the general circle. It was one of the few houses in which you could hear a subject sifted. She liked discussion, not indeed to take much part in it, but to hear it. In modern conversation you get to the bottom of nothing, the most interesting questions are taken up and thrown down again not half-examined. At Madame Récamier's any subject that deserved it was gone into, and at times it would be taken up again the next day. She would put forward opinions which she had heard, or remembered to have heard, on the same subject, which she had recollected in the night."[1]

The following is interesting as reminding us that the name of Sir Henry Elliot, who has been so much abused by unthinking Liberals in our days, because he did not shriek as loudly as they liked against Turkey in 1876, was equally and with far more reason disliked by the Conservatives of Europe half a generation ago, when he was carrying further the wise and generous policy of Lord Minto's mission in Italy:—

"MONTALEMBERT.—Look at your blue book on the affairs of Naples. Garibaldi has done nothing more than put in action the language of Lord John Russell, the language which Mr. Elliot, the envoy, keeps repeating, and the Secretary of State

[1] Vol. ii. p. 293.

keeps re-echoing, that there is neither law, nor justice, nor prudence, nor common humanity in the Neapolitan Government; that its follies, its vices, and its crimes are driving it to rapid and merited ruin. You print all this, and your agents, or Garibaldi's, or Victor Emmanuel's, spread it through Italy. Garibaldi's piracy is one of its first and most natural consequences. Your excuse, I suppose, is that you could not remain silent spectators of the atrocities of the Neapolitan Government. How came you to be silent spectators of the atrocities of the French Government in 1852 and 1858? If Lord Normanby and Lord Cowley reported as fully and as faithfully as Mr. Elliot has done, they told quite as frightful a story. Why did no one think of printing and re-echoing in parliament their accounts? But your sympathies are only with Italians. You think any government good enough for us."[1]

Presently we come to a talk with a man whose name has since been much before the world in connection with recent events in Turkey. Could the root-differences between the Eastern and Western way of looking at things be better put than they were by Ahmed Vefyk in this passage?

"SENIOR.—How does the climate of Paris agree with you?

"VEFYK.—I have not had a fair experience of it, for the three months during which I have been here have been, I am told, exceptionally bad. But what I complain of is the mode of life. I am oppressed, not by official duties—they are easy: Turkey has few affairs—but by the social ones. I have had to write fifteen notes this morning, all about trifles. In Turkey life is *sans gêne;* if a man calls on you, he does not leave a card; if

[1] Vol. ii. p. 311.

he sends you a nosegay, he does not expect a letter of thanks; if he invites you, he does not require an answer. There are no engagements to be remembered and fulfilled a fortnight afterwards. When you wish to see a friend, you know that he dines at sunset; you get into your caïque, and row down to him through the finest scenery in the world. You find him in his garden, smoke a chibouque, talk or remain silent as you like; dine, and return. If you wish to see a minister, you go to his office; you are not interfered with, or even announced; you lift the curtain of his audience room, sit by him on his divan, smoke your pipe, tell your story, get his answer, and have finished your business in the time which it takes here to make an appointment—in half the time that you waste here in an ante-chamber. There is no dressing for dinners or for evening parties; evening parties, indeed, do not exist. There are no letters to receive or to answer. There is no post-hour to be remembered and waited for, for there is no post. Life glides away without trouble. Here everything is troublesome. All enjoyment is destroyed by the forms, and ceremonies, and elaborate regulations, which are intended, I suppose, to increase it or to protect it."[1]

Constantinople is the last outpost towards the West of the Eastern view of life, and much that has been going on in that region during the last three years is really the outcome of two radically different ways of looking at this world and its affairs. Like the old Egyptians, like the Chinese, to some extent even like the Greeks in their best days, Ahmed Vefyk looks upon most of our pursuits as little more than

[1] Vol. ii. p. 347.

vulgar interruptions. He stands about half-way in feeling as he does in geographical position between us

"Spent ones of a workday age"

and the Hindoo ascetic whom our great Anglo-Indian poet has described, watching the procession of the Prince of Wales at Delhi, and murmuring to himself,

"Fanciful shapes of a plastic earth—
These are the visions that weary the eye:
These may I 'scape by a luckier birth,
Musing, and fasting, and hoping to die!

"When shall these phantoms flicker away
Like the smoke of the guns on the wind-swept hill,
Like the sounds and colours of yesterday,
And the soul have rest and the air be still?"

In the year 1852, Mr. Senior paid a short visit to Brussels, where he had several very interesting conversations. One of them was with M. Quételet, the well-known *savant*. It will be found in the first volume. One portion of what this distinguished man said requires to be commented upon as being likely to confirm people in a commonly held but erroneous opinion.

Mr. Senior had just said that he was going to Holland—a project which, by the way, he did not carry into effect.

"QUÉTELET.—It will be an interesting but a melancholy tour. You will see a great nation gradually, but unceasingly, declining. They are still very rich—richer than we are—but their wealth is diminishing. They still retain a considerable trade,

but every year some of it leaves them. They want the enterprise, the rapidity, the versatility, which is necessary to modern commerce. Their tariff was once comparatively liberal; but as they have retained it unaltered, while their neighbours are diminishing protection and abandoning prohibition, it is now comparatively restrictive. In 1815, in the violence of their reaction against the political tyranny of France, they resolved also to emancipate themselves from its literary despotism, and to write only in Dutch. As no one reads Dutch, they are become the Chinese of Europe, believing, and perhaps truly, that they possess great poets, orators, and philosophers, whom nobody else has heard of. Then their political position is bad, and is getting worse. The great Orange family has sadly degenerated. We were not inclined to think highly of the first king, except as to his powers of money-making, which were remarkable. He retired from business with a larger *peculium* than has ever been amassed in a single reign. His successor was in every way inferior to him, and this man is much worse than his father. The Chambers are getting into opposition, and the opposition is taking a turn which may easily be pushed too far, that of economy. They are starving the public service and the military defence of the kingdom. I very much fear an outbreak, and perhaps a return to the old republic."[1]

My own impressions were entirely different from M. Quételet's at the time he spoke, and are entirely different now. I have seen Holland in 1847, 1852, 1862, and 1875. Each time she has seemed to me more prosperous than the time before. M. Quételet did not count either with the good sense of the Dutch people or with the influence upon

[1] Vol. i. pp. 100, 101.

them of a great man—the great man who is alluded to at p. 90 by King Leopold, who justly observed that he had "excellent character and sense." I should think he had! Is it not, however, amusingly illustrative of our want of interest in Dutch affairs that Mr. Senior spells the name Thorbech? I fear it is but too possible that even one who had seen the cities and known the minds of so many men had never realised to himself the greatness of one of the wisest Ministers of his time, John Rudolph Thorbecke. After all, for those who have the last infirmity of noble minds, it is surely better to be twentieth in Rome than first in a village!

Thanks to many causes, but not least to him, I was able to say, writing in 1866, that "Holland was adopting one after another all those steps which have been the glory of our own legislation in the last five-and-thirty years"; and since that time others, who seized the torch from his dying hand, have carried on the good work.

I wish Mr. Senior had gone to Holland, or that some one, who had his turn for recording conversations, would go there now. I am convinced that he would come back and tell us that although it is quite true that there are a great number of rich persons in Holland who think more about keeping what they have than of increasing their fortunes, it is as far as possible from being true that that country is declining, or even stationary; that its sounder heads are

perfectly at their ease about German aggression, thinking that if at some future period it happened to suit Holland and her great neighbour to enter into closer relations, into closer relations they would enter, but that many things would have to be changed before a state of circumstances arose which could make that desirable. The attitude of the best Dutchmen towards their country is well represented by the last paragraph of a most sensible pamphlet, by M. Halverhout, which lies before me :—

"Byron dans une lettre de 1813 écrit : '*The Dutch have taken Holland*, Orange boven !'

"Eh bien ! ce cri nous ralliera à l'heure du danger, car

'Français ne daigne, Anglais ne puis,
Prussien ne veux, Néerlandais je suis.'" [1]

A conversation between Mr. Senior and King Leopold at this period shows that the European Nestor did not understand better than his neighbours the connection of Mr. Cobden's ideas, and missed accordingly the real significance of that great man. It illustrates, too, the way in which Mr. Cobden's over-confidence in the good intentions of France—which was only a part of the tendency, from which he was not free, to forget disagreeable facts—damaged his influence as well abroad as at home.

"KING LEOPOLD.—Your Manchester school is a very

[1] It would be difficult, I fear, to say as much good of Holland in 1902 as it was only just to say in 1878.

dangerous one. Economy and retrenchment are good things, but not as the bases of a party. If Cobden and his associates merely injure the public by refusing to give you the means of obtaining the services of the best men, they may do harm, but not irreparable harm; but if they refuse you the means of national defence, there is no saying what mischief they may do to you and to Europe. I cannot keep my temper when I find them talking about the honour or the friendly feelings of France. A Frenchman has no honour when what he thinks the glory or the interests of France are concerned. And as for friendly feelings, there is no hate so bitter as his hatred of England. Rely on it that, if this tyranny lasts, you will be attacked. Even the other day Jérôme made a violent and anti-English speech to the Senate, which the journals were not allowed to publish. And do not fancy that you can withstand good disciplined troops with militiamen, or coastguard, or rifle clubs. I know what a militia is. There could not be braver or more zealous volunteers than those who turned out with me to resist the Dutch; but I could not keep them together when opposed even to second-rate professional soldiers. I fear that this is the turn which democracy is taking with you, and it is a fatal one."[1]

Every one will turn to the account of the visit to M. Guizot at Val Richer, a sort of political idyl; and the talk with Lamoricière about Algeria, with Horace Say about the Hôtel de Ville in February 1848, with M. de Beaumont about his life in the country, with M. Mohl about Germany a quarter of a century ago, with Count Flahault about Wagram, with Lamartine about the French

[1] Vol. i. p. 95.

Academy, with Corcelle about Mezzofanti's skull, with Laffite the Comtist, about the Empire, with Chevalier about the Commercial Treaty, with Ristori about acting, with Rossini about the Grand Duke of Tuscany, are only a mere fraction of those which I should advise no one to omit.

A less grave personage than Mr. Senior would probably have noted more of the anecdotes which are always flying about in Paris; but he has preserved a few, such as the following:—

"A.—The other day Persigny said to the Emperor: 'Si Votre Majesté laisse l'Impératrice entre Fould et Magnan, elle sera comme le Christ entre les deux larrons.' 'Peut-être,' answered the Emperor.

"SENIOR.—Who were present?

"A.—Only three persons—the Emperor, the Empress, and Persigny.

"SENIOR.—Then how do you know that the story is true?

"A.—Because Persigny told it to me the same evening."[1]

"DE WITT.—When Lamartine was in power he used to jot down indiscriminately hints for his poems and hints for his administration. In a paper containing among other things a list of prefects was found the word 'David.' M. David appeared, therefore, in the *Moniteur* as prefect, and Lamartine's secretary came to him to ask M. David's address. Lamartine was sorely puzzled. The name certainly was there, but he could not tell why. At last he recollected that he had put it down as a memorandum of some allusion to King David, to be

[1] Vol. ii. p. 255.

introduced into a *Meditation.* So a notice appeared in the *Moniteur* nominating A. B. a prefect in the place of M. David, 'appelé à d'autres fonctions.'"[1]

The extracts which have been selected will give the reader a fair idea of the amount of interest which he will find in this book, if he uses it for the purposes for which it was intended. Mr. Senior never supposed that, in recording these conversations for the perusal of his friends, he was giving them the key to a treasure-house of wisdom. He meant, I apprehend, to show people here what was being said in Paris and elsewhere by a certain number of intelligent and often eminent men, differing very much from each other, and talking often, to speak plainly, most frightful nonsense. The drawback of his system was, of course, that his diaries could hardly be read with advantage, when he returned from abroad, except by those who knew a good deal about the countries in which he had been staying, and the men whom he had seen. But then the diaries went chiefly, at first, into the hands of people who did know a good deal about these things; and now that they are given to a wider public, they will doubtless find some new readers who have this same advantage, while the lapse of time will have helped most people to see who talked sense, and who talked foolishness.

[1] Vol. ii. p. 383.

They are extremely easy reading, and the politician who does not gain enough from them to make it worth his while to make them his companion for a couple of holidays, must be either fearfully superior to his fellow-creatures or just a trifle stupid.

I trust they may recall attention to the two volumes of her father's diaries, published in 1871 by Mrs. Simpson, under the title of *Journals in France and Italy*—a collection not by any means equal in interest to that which is now given to us, but still extremely well worth reading—and to the correspondence and conversations with Tocqueville, one of the most charming books of our generation, the book which Mr. Bagehot, whose memory will live in the recollections of those who knew him well as one of the wisest and most gifted Englishmen of these days, used to take down when he wanted a pleasant half-hour.

MANNING AND THE CATHOLIC REACTION OF OUR TIMES

THE *Life of Cardinal Manning* has probably excited more attention than any book of a serious character which has appeared in this country for some time. So much indeed has been said about it that it seems hardly worth while to discuss its contents at any great length; but it is, perhaps, not undesirable to make its publication an occasion for sketching in outline the Catholic reaction of our times, and of enquiring how far it has succeeded and how far it has failed.

The eighteenth century, which Castelar, looking back through the long vista of years to the Christian era, has called "the humanitarian century *par excellence*," saw the end of many injustices and of many follies. The amount of human happiness in Christendom, just before the French Revolution broke out, was probably greater than at any previous period, and the amount of virtue too; for Turgot was quite right when he said: "Many who pass for good-

for-nothing people amongst ourselves would have been thought very Capuchins a hundred years ago." All this improvement, however, had been followed in the last decade of the century by great catastrophes; and these had been worst in what was, on the whole, the most advanced of European countries. The storm which had burst over France had destroyed a great deal that deserved to live, along with not a little that richly deserved to be improved off the face of creation. Great as had been the corruption of the French Church, and pitiable as had been its shortcomings, it ought to have the credit of much of the heroism and most of the resignation, which shone so conspicuously among the victims of the Revolution in all ranks of society. It was natural, accordingly, when that tyranny was overpast, that the minds of men and women should turn once again towards the ideas which had done so much for some of the most tried of their contemporaries, and that their thoughts should find ere long literary expression. The literary reaction against the despotism of what Carlyle would have called the arithmetical understanding, which in the first half of our "excellent and indispensable" eighteenth century measured everything by a foot-rule, began in England. Thomas Warton's *History of English Poetry* has sometimes been considered as the first work which turned the current, and carried men's thoughts back to antiquity; but in truth it is difficult to fix

on any one name or any one moment for the birth of Romanticism. Suffice it to say that it was already in the air soon after the eighteenth century had passed its meridian. From England it found its way to France and Germany, to lie hidden underground until after the great political cataclysm which was approaching, but none the less destined to play a most important part in the story of the age that was immediately to succeed that world-shaking event.

A German historian, quoted by Mr. Wilfrid Ward in the second volume of the life of his father, dates the commencement of the Catholic reaction in France from the publication in the first year of the century of Chateaubriand's *Atala*. Perhaps he is right; but some would be inclined rather to fix on the year 1802, when the *Génie du Christianisme* appeared. It is difficult to understand how this book should have made the impression which it did. It had, however, the enormous merit of freshness. The subject with which it deals had never been treated quite in the same way before, and it was offered to the eyes of many readers, to whom not a few of its doctrines, which had been stale truisms to their fathers, were new discoveries. There still remained, too, a considerable number of persons who, having been attached by the heart even more than by the head to the old religion before the evil days, had grown doubly attached to it during the

terrible years in which they lost its consolations altogether, or could only obtain them amidst difficulties and dangers which rendered them doubly precious.

The Concordat with Rome, which was almost contemporaneous with the commencement of Chateaubriand's literary career, replaced the Church—not, indeed, in its old pre-eminence, but at least in a legal and endurable position. Still, in those troubled times, when only the "earthquake voice of victory" or the dirges of defeat were audible, the philosophic side of religious questions excited but little interest. It was not till four years after Waterloo that the new movement found its statesman in the Savoyard Count Joseph de Maistre, whose book on the Pope produced immense results which are felt to the present day in every corner of the world; for the centralising movement, begun by him, destroyed eventually the old Gallicanism, and brought that added strength to the Papacy which was advertised to all the ends of the earth by the Vatican Council of 1870. If M. de Maistre was the statesman, the Vicomte de Bonald was the philosopher of the new school, the founder of the system known as traditionalism, which, in the words of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, "seeks the basis of moral knowledge in a primitive revelation preserved by the collective reason of mankind." He was the inspirer of that great and irregular genius, the Abbé de Lamennais, who, in the earlier stages of his career, went even beyond

his teacher in the fervour, not to say fury, of his Ultramontanism.

Lamennais, after a youth in which periods of rather careless living alternated with their opposite, threw himself, as he approached middle life, with all the impetuosity of his Celtic nature, into the Ultramontanism of Fénelon, reinforced by that of De Maistre. The first of his works which produced a great sensation was the *Essay on Indifference*, published in 1817. Its success was immediate, and for a time the French clergy thought they had found a spokesman such as they had not had for several generations. Ere long, however, doubts and questionings arose. The Court, at once very clerical and very Gallican, looked coldly upon a priest who was all too devoted to the Vatican, and thought all too little of the eldest son of the Church. Its attitude tended to make him more inclined to Liberal politics, to fix his aspirations upon bringing the Church into harmony, not with the king, but with the people. Those aspirations were destined to lead him far, to take him outside the pale of Catholicism and into the centre of the democratic movement. The impulse which he had given, however, to Ultramontanism lived on in the French Church long after he had ceased to have anything to do with it, and, in its present condition of complete and willing subservience to papal authority we must recognise, as almost more powerful than any other

influence, that of Lamennais as he was in the first period of his public life. The breach between him and Rome was brought about by the affair of the *Avenir*, a newspaper founded, in the beginning of the reign of Louis Philippe, by him and two men of whom we shall have to speak presently—the Abbé Lacordaire and the Count de Montalembert. These three, whose views were much disapproved by the clerical authorities of their own country, went to Rome, in 1832, to appeal to the Pope, but failed to obtain any support. Lacordaire and Montalembert submitted, but Lamennais, after doing so for a moment, broke away. Submission was never much in his line. As his friend Sainte-Beuve remarked, "He was an eagle who sadly required his St. John to guide and look after him."

The new movement had not been helped but hindered by the Restoration, and it was not until after the fall of the elder branch that it produced a great preacher. This was the Abbé Lacordaire, who, having begun life as an advocate holding Voltairian opinions, was converted in 1824, and entered Saint Sulpice, on leaving which he became connected with Lamennais and Montalembert, went as we have seen with them to Rome, submitted to the condemnation, and found, ere long, the true outlet for his splendid abilities in 1834 in the pulpit of the Collège Stanislas, and in 1835 in that of Notre Dame. From that

time to his death he remained the first pulpit orator of France, or, if surpassed by any one, then by the Jesuit Père Ravignan alone. In genius he was undoubtedly superior to that very remarkable man, of whom Lord Coleridge, an admirable judge of eloquence, said that he had opened to him a new chapter in the human mind; but he was inferior, perhaps, in persuasive power. This he thought himself, for Ravignan having said to him one day, "I hear that at your last sermon people climbed up and sat on the confessionals." "Yes," was the reply, "but it is you who can make them enter the confessionals."

It was natural that one who had such oratorical gifts as Lacordaire should have wished to resuscitate in France the order called into existence by Saint Dominic for the purpose of preaching. This he did, and he would have considered it no doubt his principal work; but, in spite of his love of solitude, he touched life on a variety of sides. Many will remember Matthew Arnold's account of his great educational establishment at Sorèze, published in 1864 under the name of *A French Eton*. He was elected, too, to the Assembly in 1848, and, although he soon found that he had little in common with the politicians of the Left, amongst whom he took his seat, he remained constant to his political principles. "I die," he said, when his end was near at hand, "a penitent Catholic, but an impenitent Liberal."

The political orator of the movement, the chief link between it and the stirring, active world, was the brilliant Count Charles de Montalembert, whose outlook on things in general was widened by his belonging to two countries, for his mother was one of the Forbeses of Corsindae in Aberdeenshire, and he was brought up in early life by his excellent grandfather, the author of the *Oriental Memoirs*. He threw himself into the Catholic reaction, dreamt dreams of reconciling it with all the liberal tendencies of the age, and took for his motto "God and Liberty." Not unfrequently he fell into grave mistakes, as when he made a man, with whom he, after all, had so little in common as Daniel O'Connell, the idol of his youth, and gave his sanction—happily only for a time—to the usurpation of Louis Napoleon. In the main, however, he was, alike in public and in private, one of the most interesting and sympathetic figures which France has produced in our times. His admiration for the English constitution and for liberty, as we understand it, stood him in good stead in dealing both with political and religious questions. Perhaps he never rose higher than he did at the Catholic Congress which was held in 1863 at Mechlin, the "Rome of Flanders," where, amidst the applause of a great multitude who hailed him as the "son of the Crusaders," he made an appeal in favour of religious freedom.

The Catholic reaction in France never possessed a poet who continued throughout life so devoted to it as was the preacher Lacordaire, or Montalembert, the Parliamentary orator; but it may fairly claim the earlier and perhaps the best work of Lamartine, who, born in 1790, had been much influenced by Chateaubriand, and sprang into fame on the publication, in 1820, of his *Méditations*.

In the high places of the hierarchy the most characteristic representative of the movement was perhaps Dupanloup, who, having come into great prominence when Talleyrand was reconciled to the Church, became the head of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet, and brought up there a great many members of the best French families. Raised to the Episcopal dignity and entrusted with the important See of Orleans, he was not, from some points of view, so successful. As a schoolmaster he was simply adored by his boys; but his imperious nature did not fit him equally well to deal with men, and he was far from being a favourite with his clergy. His resolute stand against the influences which were most powerful in the Council of 1870 made him very unpopular at the Vatican, and Pius IX. has been credited with a very bad pun directed against him: "Il est devenu dupe et un loup."

The movement, fertile as we have seen in men

calculated to do their work "in the world's ample witness," did not lack saints of the unlettered mediæval type. Such was Jean-Baptiste Vianney, who, possessing very slender intellectual endowments and a mere modicum of education, succeeded by pure goodness in making his remote parish of Ars a centre to which thousands upon thousands resorted every year for the purpose of confessing to him, or asking his advice in spiritual matters. "Go," said one who had made the pilgrimage, to a friend, "Go to Ars, and you will learn how Christianity was established, how nations were converted and Christian civilisation founded. When we enjoy the blessing of being contemporary with such a prodigy we must not pass it by with closed eyes."

From a remote country parish on the banks of the Saône, the name of which would be utterly unknown to history save for the saintliness of its priest, we may pass to the centre of the Faubourg St. Germain.

The Salon which most fully represented the best side of the Catholic reaction during the later years of the Restoration, during the whole reign of Louis Philippe and far beyond its limits, was that of Madame Swetchine, a Russian lady who had become a convert to the Roman Church in 1815, and who settled finally in Paris just before the death of the Emperor Alexander I. It has

been admirably described by M. de Falloux in his *Life* of its presiding genius, and was the instrument by which her great and salutary influence extended itself widely through the Society of Paris. For Madame Swetchine was not only a highly placed and gifted woman of the world, but a saint in the best acceptation of the term. Lacordaire was to her almost a son, and her spiritual daughters were many. Through one of them, as we shall see presently, she still exerts a power which is likely to continue for an indefinite period. After she died, in 1857, her position was, to some extent, inherited by another Russian lady, Madame de Circourt, who died in 1864, and was at the head of almost the last Salon of the old type which survived the changes of our crowded and bustling age.

In 1850 a split took place in the Catholic camp, the cause of division being M. de Falloux's Education Bill. Montalembert and all the more level-headed of his friends accepted that measure—were content, in other words, that Catholics should take their degrees in the University—a State and perfectly secular institution—while getting their education in establishments directed in accordance with their own ideas. A more fanatical section insisted that Catholics should not only be educated, but also receive their degrees from the Catholic institutions. These two sections found congenial expression—the first in the review

called the *Correspondant*, and the other in the newspaper whose narrow bigotry was—*lucus a non lucendo*—distributed under the name of the *Univers*. The section which the latter represented has been far the more successful of the two, and gained a triumph in 1870. But all the best work that has been done in the French Church has been done by the other, from which the violent faction gained only one adherent, in the person of the Abbé Gerbet, later Bishop of Perpignan, who, in his earlier life one of the most attaching of men, and described sympathetically in the sixth volume of the *Causeries du Lundi* by the very unclerical Sainte-Beuve, was drawn away from his older associates into an alliance with the firebrand Louis Veuillot.

De Maistre's passionate and, considering the circumstances of his life, most natural abhorrence of the French Revolution had a curious effect, which became more and more observable as years went on, showing itself most markedly in this feud between the party of the *Correspondant* and the party of the *Univers*. The old Ultramontanism had been the protest of the centripetal forces of the Church against its centrifugal forces; the new Ultramontanism became the protest of Ultra-Conservative forces of the Church against anything approaching to freedom of thought. Ultramontanism ceased to be the antithesis of Gallicanism, which was practically dead; it became the antithesis of Liberalism.

From the writings of all those we have mentioned, and from those of other lesser lights, many passages might be culled which are real additions to the wealth of the world; but it was reserved for another to produce a work which will be the best memorial to after times of the reflux of this age towards Catholic Christianity. In 1891 the Abbé Mugnier, the *vicaire* of St. Thomas d'Aquin, said :—

"Quand on dénombrera les apologistes de ce temps, on trouvera sans doute que c'est une simple femme, dénuée de toute prétention théologique, qui a su construire à sa foi un monument éternel avec les matériaux les plus délicats, les plus périssables en apparence : des sourires, des baisers et des larmes."

A truer criticism was never uttered. To many people, and they are among the most fortunate, the little book— which was long believed to have been only copied, but, as many now think, was actually written by the monk of Mount St. Agnes near Zwolle (Thomas à Kempis) — brings an ever-fresh stream of strength and delight. Others, again, feel towards it as the late Mr. Pater did, and would speak like him of the "wonderful, inaccessible, cold heights of the *Imitation*." Its piety is too cloistral for them; reading it is like breathing the air of the mountain tops — the effort becomes oppressive. With Mrs. Craven's *Récit d'une Sœur* it is quite otherwise. Those whose lives are told therein did not live

in a cloister but in the world, subject to all the vicissitudes, the joys and the sorrows which are familiar to most of us. Its authoress, when she was nerving herself to give to the public a treasure so sacred as that which she possessed in the manuscript lives and letters of her nearest and dearest, foresaw this, and believed that her sacrifice would be rewarded by drawing into the path which she herself had trod (and which has been so well described by her friend Mrs. Bishop in a book reviewed last year in this journal), many whom examples of a more heroic kind might easily have alarmed. Her success was triumphant. Very truly did M. de Meaux, the son-in-law of her friend M. de Montalembert, describe the book when he wrote:—

"Qui ne connaît, qui n'a relu souvent le *Récit d'une Sœur*, cette histoire véridique qui débute comme un roman, le roman le plus pur et le plus passionné tout ensemble, et s'achève comme une pieuse et mystique légende, ce chant d'amour, de douleur, et d'espérance, où tour à tour la vie paraît si belle et la mort si radieuse."

Of course the atmosphere of the *Récit* is intensely Catholic, but it is the purest form of Catholicism—Catholicism which in all that relates to matters of feeling and conduct is simply the quintessence of the religion which was "evaporated from the ashes of Palestine."

It is a book capable of producing the most powerful

effects upon persons who may doubt, nay, entirely deny most of the dogmatic assumptions upon which the lives which it records were based; but they must be strangely constituted who do not admit that whatever may be said of these dogmatic assumptions, the lives themselves touch the highest point to which human virtue can attain. The *Récit d'une Sœur* is one of the by no means very numerous books produced in our prolific century which will be read and treasured through all the ages.

There is no difficulty in obtaining full information as to the Catholic reaction in the France of to-day, in so far as it touches political and social questions. Mr. Lecky, in his great work on *Democracy and Liberty*, holds the balance very fairly between the clerical and anti-clerical parties. Nor is it at all hard to find English books in which the views of both sides are set forth by strong supporters. The most interesting figure, perhaps, in the Catholic ranks, at this moment, is that of Count Albert de Mun, the second and only surviving son of Mlle. Eugénie de la Ferronays, later Marquise de Mun, whose name and character are so familiar to all readers of the *Récit d'une Sœur*. He has many of the highest gifts of an orator, and has the advantage of being intensely in earnest. Unfortunately, however, he has mixed up his religious views with a strong infusion of German socialism. He wishes to go back to the system of guilds and corporations, which were swept

away under the beneficent influence of Turgot and the *Économistes* of last century. Alas! alas! "that way madness lies," and the best intentions can lead to no good. A wiser section of Catholic economists holds with Le Play and Périn, while some great employers of labour in France are trying, without setting before them unattainable ideals, to reconcile the modern conditions of labour with Catholic doctrine and practice.

We make no doubt that any one who knew well the country districts of France at the present day could give us many charming pictures of the working of their religion in the life of the people of all ranks. Mr. Hamerton—by no means a clerical writer—had much to say in praise of many of the Curés in his neighbourhood, a few years ago, in his excellent book *Round my House;* but we know of no work which gives such a picture as is to be found in the *Memoirs of Eugénie de Guérin.* It is much to be doubted whether the Catholic life of Paris is as worthy of admiration as it was. Writing in 1882, Mrs. Craven said:—

"At times I feel wretchedly alone—not as all old women must from the gradual disappearance of their contemporaries, but in a quite different and new way. Madame Swetchine, though she was older than I am when she died, was to the last surrounded by younger friends, with whom she could entirely sympathise, the colour of whose thoughts was quite the same as hers. But that is just *where* the great change has

taken place, and so I understand nobody, and nobody understands me."

At the same time, when we are thinking of the religious state of Paris, we should not forget that the centenary of the Institute was inaugurated by the celebration of a mass for the souls of its deceased members—a strange and significant epigram of events!

The Catholic reaction had not gone far in France, and the century was still young, when a diversion was made in its favour in an unexpected quarter—a diversion, too, which gave it a good deal of help in extending itself over Europe. This diversion came from the country of whose people it had been said, with not a little truth—

> "They ran sae far to get frae Rome,
> That they ran oot o' Christendom;"

and the unlooked-for auxiliary was Walter Scott. It would be difficult to exaggerate the effect of his poetry and prose in teaching his contemporaries to look back, with more kindness than they had been wont to do, upon those ages in which the Roman Church, so rudely assailed during the previous century, was the dominant factor; and the works of the great magician had all the more effect because he had not himself the very shadow of an inclination towards its teaching. It was not for nothing, however, that

Newman wrote to the husband of the heiress of Abbotsford :—

"I have ever had the extremest sympathy for Walter Scott. When he was dying I was saying prayers (whatever they were worth) for him continually, thinking of Keble's words : 'Think on the Minstrel as ye kneel.'"

The sympathy was purely instinctive, but none the less strong.

It has often been said that Coleridge did a good deal to prepare the way for the English section of the movement, and there is some truth in the remark, but it was to the quasi-philosophical and ultimately barren side of it that he lent assistance, and his works never had any influence outside this island. It was for England only that he was what John Stuart Mill once called him—"a seminal mind."

The new impulse given to Catholicism found its way into Italy from France, *viâ* Switzerland. Its first as well as its most widely known representative was another novelist—Alessandro Manzoni. In his youth he shared the anti-religious ideas of the young Italians of his time; but about 1810 he married the daughter of a Genevese banker, was by her induced to look more kindly upon Christianity, and ended by carrying her with him into the bosom of the Roman Communion. M. Marc Monnier, the writer of the brilliant little book published in 1860 and called *L'Italie est-elle la terre des Morts?* said that he knew of more than

one soul which had been kept in the Church by the ideal priesthood which Manzoni pictured in his *Promessi Sposi;* and that novel, translated into English in the course of the forties, was, perhaps, not without its effect in this country.

If space permitted, it would be interesting to notice the philosophy of Rosmini, which corresponded to the poetry of his friend Manzoni, and the writings of Gioberti, which had no little influence over Pius IX. during the earlier period of his pontificate. Neither of these teachers, however, produced, or could have produced, any permanent results either for their country or mankind. Greater men than either of them, or than the learned and liberal-minded fathers of Monte Cassino, would have failed to do much for a religious movement which, thanks to the obstinate clinging of the Vatican to the temporal power, must, in the nature of things, have come into violent collision with the political aspirations of the Italian people. They did so, and hence it arises that for more than a whole generation no writer has, so far as we are aware, arisen in the Peninsula who has done anything of much importance in the direction in which so much, as we have seen, has been done in France.

We must now cross the Alps and look at the Catholic reaction in the country in which the revolt against Latin Christianity first began. The German Reformation was the inevitable result of ecclesiastical abuses which had become

quite intolerable; but the evils which it inaugurated were neither few nor small; and it is not to be wondered at that very serious attempts were made, by most important people, to bring about a reunion between Catholic and Protestant. These all, however, came to nothing, and the commencement of the Catholic reaction of our times in Germany belongs to the year 1800, when F. Leopold, Count of Stolberg, who had been Danish Minister at Berlin, and had filled other high offices, went to Münster and joined the Catholic Church with all his family. He was fifty years old when he made this change; but any one who has read the description of him in his brilliant youth, quoted from Lavater in Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, will see that it was an event which, under favourable circumstances, was not unlikely to occur; and favourable circumstances were not wanting.

They came in a very agreeable shape through the society of Madame de Montagu. She was the daughter of the Duchesse d'Ayen, to whom, when she said that she was hard of hearing, was addressed by Dumas, President of the Revolutionary Tribunal in 1794, one of the most atrocious speeches of that evil time: "Eh bien! citoyenne, tu conspirais alors sourdement"; and she was sister of the Vicomtesse de Noailles, who, advised to take some rest the night before her execution, replied: "A quoi bon se reposer à la veille de l'éternité?"

The changes and chances of the emigration had carried her to Holstein, and to the immediate neighbourhood of Eutin, where Count F. Stolberg lived, and where he was in charge of the affairs of the Duke of Oldenburg, Prince-Bishop of Lübeck. He met Madame de Montagu first on All Saints' Day in 1795, and her influence over him and his family—the influence of sheer goodness not reinforced, or, shall we say dimmed? by any aptitude for controversy—worked so powerfully that in 1800 he resigned his appointments, went to Münster and joined the Catholic Church, exciting thereby an amount of fury in the breast of the excellent Voss and many other people which was sufficiently comic. This was not by any means the only instance of effects being produced in favour of their religion by the French *émigrés;* they were not for nothing even in England; but it was far the most conspicuous case of a direct influence exercised by them, and created an immense sensation all over Germany.

The magnet which drew Stolberg to Münster was the Princess Galitzin, one of the most interesting figures to be found in that part of Europe towards the end of the eighteenth century. They had become acquainted in Holstein, whither the Princess had gone some years before, partly to visit the family of Matthias Claudius, best known, perhaps. to English readers by his *Rheinweinlied*, but the centre of a circle which exercised no small influence in the

Protestant religious life of the time. The Princess, although a Catholic, became godmother to one of the children of Caroline Claudius, who married Perthes the publisher, later so conspicuous in the literary history of Germany. The Princess was the daughter of a Prussian officer of high rank, but had become the wife of a Russian diplomatist. The life of the world did not suit her, and the pair parted without any quarrel, the husband pursuing his career and the wife giving herself up first to study, then to religion. She had a perfect genius for attracting to herself, and for being attracted by the most remarkable men who approached her. She was the intimate friend of Baron von Fürstenberg and all the very devout, though very tolerant, Catholics who were grouped around him. She was in the most friendly relations with Hemsterhuis, the Platonist; with Hamann, the Protestant mystic; with the philosopher Jacobi; and with the "strong, much toiling sage" of Weimar himself, who had for her a very sincere esteem and about as much affection as he had for anybody. No account of the Catholic reaction in Germany, however brief, could dispense with the mention of her deservedly honoured name.

A Catholic writer has maintained that Novalis, who died in 1801, would have become a Catholic if he had lived a little longer, having been led to this opinion more by his private correspondence than by his published writings. That would very likely have been so, but he certainly did

not make any public profession of Catholicism as did some of the family of his biographer Tieck, although not Tieck himself. Still, the influence of Novalis's writings was more or less in a Catholic direction. If he was not an adherent of the movement, he was at least a friend of its friends.

Frederic Schlegel, who, like Tieck, was intimate with Novalis, did become a Catholic, connected himself in later life with the Austrian Court, was employed by Metternich, and was more or less identified as well with the political as with the religious reaction. La Motte-Fouqué was at first much more interested in the chivalry than in the religion of the Middle Ages; but his later works assuredly exercised in a greater degree, though in a less extended circle, something of the same influence which we have already attributed to those of Walter Scott. Both writers helped on the movement from the outside.

Werner, the dramatist, and a whole group of artists, with Overbeck at their head, also became Catholics.

The chivalrous and religious ideas of La Motte-Fouqué found themselves, in the next generation, strangely united with other elements in the person of General Radowitz, the brilliant friend of the brilliant Crown Prince who ascended the throne of Prussia in 1840, and of whom Strauss very truly said that he incarnated the nineteenth century in so far as it denied the eighteenth. Both were amongst the most interesting men of their age, and both failed because,

with all their splendid qualities, they did not possess the power of understanding the world in which they were living. That may seem an easy thing; but it is one of the most difficult. Well did one say: "To see what is before our eyes is almost to have genius." Both Radowitz and his master saw clearly and felt rightly that the nineteenth century had a great work of reparation to do; but they did not see that its main work would be to carry further, though in a wiser way, the forward movement of its predecessor.

The first remarkable product of the Catholic reaction in the field of theology was probably Dr. Mœhler, professor first at Tübingen and then at Munich. He was a man of great learning and the author of many books, one of which, the *Symbolik*, was translated into English in 1843, and exercised some influence on the later or Romanising stage of the Tractarian movement. The *Symbolik* is an exposition of the doctrinal differences between Catholics and Protestants, as expressed in the formularies of Catholics, Calvinists, Zwinglians, Anabaptists, Quakers, Herrnhuters, Methodists, Swedenborgians, Socinians and Armenians. Mœhler was opposed in his own Church by the followers of Hermes, a professor of Bonn, who took more liberal views and were, naturally enough, condemned by the Vatican, while he raised up a much more formidable antagonist in his fellow-professor at

Tübingen, the great Protestant doctor, F. C. Baur, the coryphæus of the theologians who are usually indicated when men speak of the Tübingen school. Some of Mœhler's later writings appeared after his death, under the care of Dr. Döllinger, whose splendid labours, prolonged to extreme old age, have made him on the whole the greatest ecclesiastical figure of this century. How long and well he contended against the party which wished to make the Roman Church not wider but narrower, how he failed in his efforts, partly because there was hardly enough Christianity in Catholic Germany to support an old Church and a new, partly because the singularly *mal à propos* campaign of Prince Bismarck against Catholicism, which has been known by the question-begging name of the *Culturkampf*, made the vast majority of Catholics unwilling to desert their chiefs in their difficulties, is within the recollections of all. It was a repetition, on a far larger scale, of the struggle with the Archbishop of Cologne in 1837, which itself did much to reanimate sacerdotal pretensions, and raised up, in the person of Görres, a champion who during the last fifteen years of his life, from 1837-1852, was a most conspicuous figure in the ranks of the orthodox.

Of late many of the Catholics of Germany have taken a very active part in social questions, Monsignor von Ketteler, the Archbishop of Mainz, having led the way in that

direction about 1864. All that they have done is set forth with great clearness by Professor Nitti, of the University of Naples, in his book on *Catholic Socialism*, which was translated into English last year. He gives us the views of one writer after another—of Moufang, of Hitze, of Hertling, and many others—but it all comes to very little. So long as these authors exhort to charity, recommend the upper classes to provide the capital necessary to enable working men to make a good start, and so forth, their doctrines are quite harmless; but when they clamour for a return to the exploded economical methods of the Middle Ages, they waste their labour and their readers' patience.

It is time, however, that we should cross the narrow seas, and concentrate our attention upon England.

The Catholic reaction on the Continent had no direct effect in this country until some time after 1833. The yearning towards the past, which began to manifest itself at Oxford in the course of that year, was of purely English growth, and arose partly from the shock that had been given to Conservative opinion by the passing of the Reform Act, and partly from a long series of antecedent circumstances, of which we must give a summary account.

The great Elizabethan compromise, which created the Church of England as we know it, left in its system many fragments, good and bad, of the old religion. Amongst the

former there was not a little of very unobtrusive piety, some aspects of which, as seen in the community of Little Gidding in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, were so pleasantly recalled to our own age in the pages of *John Inglesant*. If the Anglicans of that type had been more numerous and less connected with a bad political system, we might have been spared many of the excesses of Puritanism and many of the scandals of the Restoration. All through the bad reigns of Charles II. and James II. there was a considerable amount of the best kind of religious life. Evelyn's Diary, amongst other things, is there to prove it. Again, however, it had the misfortune to be too closely connected with the wrong side in politics. Mr. John Stuart Mill, who, during the last years of his life, lived much near Avignon, said to an English friend: "The immense majority of the best and most respectable people in France are attached to the Church, but they are paralysed by being connected with a political party which is impossible." Much the same was the fate of the excellent men and women to whom we are alluding, after 1688 and still more after the accession of the House of Hanover, when they slipped out of sight.

While this stream of tendency glided down its always hidden and sometimes subterranean channel, another, not wholly unlike it, yet differing in many essential ways, rose to the surface and pursued a chequered course which is

even now far from being concluded. This was the movement initiated by the Wesleys, the elder brother supplying the energy and the organising ability, the younger the higher and more permanent element. His religious poem called *Catholic Love*, recalled by Dean Stanley to the recollection of our generation, rises very high indeed, and is destined probably to much more general recognition than it has ever yet obtained. We may be very sure that the good and wise man whom we have just named was thinking, at least, as much of the indirect as of the direct results of the Methodist movement when he placed upon the monument of the two famous brothers in Westminster Abbey the significant words: "God buries His workmen, but carries on His work."

For some considerable time that movement attracted more persons who took a serious view of life than any other in this country, either within or without the Church of England. It had, however, many glaring defects, and it was a good day for English-speaking mankind when the other stream of tendency to which we have referred came once more to the surface with the publication of the *Christian Year*. That remarkable little book, though it only appeared in 1827, was really, for the most part, composed at a considerably earlier period. It reflects better than anything else that has ever appeared the essentially Anglican form of piety of which we have

spoken, and had much more influence than any other agency in preparing the way for the Tractarian movement. Tractarianism, however, gathered into itself several other elements, notably all that was best and most cultivated in the Evangelical party. It has been remarked, we believe with truth, that none of the old High Churchmen went over to Rome. The forward impulse—the impulse which connected the purely Anglican reaction with the great European Catholic reaction—came from the men who were heirs in the Church of England, not of Hammond, Andrewes, and Hooker, but of the two Wesleys. Very soon, however, the two streams mingled, and from 1833 to 1845 they flowed together. There is a scene which must be known to many of our readers, where, under the Church of Mariahilf at Passau, the Inn, the Danube, and the Ilz unite. It may well recall to the mind of the traveller the story of the Oxford movement. Keble was the Inn, Pusey was the Ilz, and Newman was the Danube, for it was his force and genius that determined the course and the colour of the waters. The green Inn, the black Ilz, are confounded in its flow.

Many people know the witty question of Archbishop Whately: "Why do they call these new opinions 'Puseyism?' Why don't they call them 'Newmania?'" but very few, before the publication of the fragmentary but exceedingly interesting autobiography of Isaac Williams,

knew that Pusey's name had been connected with them by a pure accident. Newman and his curate, it appears, were walking one day when they met Dr. Pusey, who took Newman to task for being so hard on the "Peculiars," the name which he and his friends at that time applied to the Evangelicals. Newman said: "If you think we ought to conciliate them, why do you not write a tract to that effect? We shall be delighted to publish it." "No, no!" said Pusey, "I don't want to be one of you." Newman saw the reason of this, and, with a view to preventing Pusey being made responsible for opinions which he did not hold, agreed that his tract should be published with his name. It appeared with his initials, E. B. P. The *Record* noticed it, violently attacked Pusey, and connected his name with the whole movement.

Pusey was a very learned and very worthy man who had a prominent position in Oxford, alike as being a professor, and as belonging to an ancient family settled not far from the place. If his intelligence had been equal to his virtues, the part he would have played in the history of the Anglican Church would have been that of the first of the Oxford Broad Churchmen—the spiritual father of Dean Stanley and of Jowett. He had spent some time in Germany, acquired some knowledge of its theology, and written a book which rather fluttered the dove-cots. He was, however, with all his merits, essentially narrow-minded, quite

unable to rise to the height of his opportunities, and he has accordingly had the strange fortune of securing a niche in history from his connection with a movement which, during its most interesting period, resolves itself chiefly into a chapter in the life of another. That other was one of the most distinguished men whom England has produced in our century. John Henry Newman was not learned, even according to the modest standard of Oxford sixty years ago. By comparison, not with such giants of erudition as F. C. Baur, but even with his young pupil David Strauss, he was but poorly equipped to enter the theological arena. He believed, however, every word he said. He had poetical power of a high order, poetical power which is not fairly represented by what he has left in verse, good as some of that is, but which penetrated his whole being, and gave him, in conjunction with some other of his intellectual characteristics, a mastery over the English tongue, such as few in any age have been privileged to possess. In addition to all this he was a saint, and had that magical influence over others which has been often observed but never explained, but to which has been given the convenient epithet of "the dæmonic." This man, so peculiarly endowed, appeared in Oxford just at the right moment, when some one was wanted to incarnate in himself everything that had been most Oxonian since the outbreak of the great Civil War, before that citadel of "lost causes and impossible

loyalties" surrendered at discretion to the modern spirit in the later decades of the nineteenth century. We must go back to the Middle Ages to find the name of any teacher who exerted so extraordinary an influence as he did—an influence ever gradually increasing from 1833 till he retired to Littlemore ten years afterwards. Often and well as he has been described, it remained for Matthew Arnold, who was never one of his followers, to paint the picture of him which will be longest remembered.

"Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtile, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still, saying: 'After the fever of life, after weariness and sicknesses, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state—at length comes death, at length the White Throne of God, at length the Beatific Vision.'"

Even after he had preached the sermon known as the "Parting of Friends," which, although in its finest parts little more than a cento of passages from the Bible, stands in the first rank of compositions of its class, the insignificant building in which he resided at Littlemore was the centre of the thoughts of a large portion of his fellow-countrymen—a place of pilgrimage. After ages may think

that all this was strangely exaggerated. They will indubitably recognise the fact that the main stream of the religious history of the world was not flowing through Oxford, and that the story of what was passing there was only the story of a backwater, destined, no doubt, after many wanderings to unite with the main stream further down its course, but still a backwater. Nevertheless, England being what she was from 1833 to 1845, the Oxford movement was of the greatest possible moment in her development.

The two most important sides of Newman's mind were admirably represented by the two most remarkable of the disciples who followed him from Oxford to Rome. His extraordinary dialectical subtlety was perfectly reflected in W. G. Ward, his tenderness and susceptibility to the influence of the beautiful, in Frederick Faber. The first of these has been drawn to the life in the really consummate biography of him recently produced by his son, a most difficult piece of work executed to perfection.

If ever there was a man who ought not to have gone to Oxford, William George Ward was that man. Oxford as then constituted could not develop any of his great gifts. His education should have been directed by some strong-headed man of the world—by Lord Brougham for choice. Under such guidance he might have become a most useful man in his generation. As it turned out, he

spent his energies in trying to build fortresses out of dreams even more unsubstantial than the mists of the morning. Nature never meant him to be a theologian at all; but, if he was to be a theologian, he ought to have been educated like Strauss at Blaubeuren and Tübingen. With facts to work upon he might have done much good, and gained an honoured place amongst the theologians of Germany. In England he was thrown away. His splendid intelligence was, to a great extent, a wasted force.

Very different was the record of the other disciple whom I have just named. His intellect was nothing like so powerful as that of Ward. It was in many respects very defective, but he was born at the right time, in the right country, and did, if not exactly, yet pretty nearly, what he was fitted for. He has not been so fortunate in his biographer. His life was written by another Oratorian, Father John Bowden, and not at all badly written; but written rather for the use of people who agreed with him in opinion than of the general public. Faber, however, was a person calculated to excite much interest even outside the circle of those who agreed with him in opinion. He had hardly ceased to be an undergraduate, when Wordsworth, who was assuredly not given to disparage his own gifts, said to Mr. Aubrey de Vere, "I have never known any one who had so good an eye for nature as I have

myself, with the exception of a young man who was here last year, Frederick Faber, and he has a better;" while later, when he accepted the living of Elton, the same great authority wrote to him, "I cannot say that you are wrong; but England loses a poet." In any biography of him his remarkable poetical gifts ought to be brought much more prominently forward than has been done by Father Bowden. In his verse, as in his innumerable devotional works, he permits himself the wildest and craziest flights. His style is too often flamboyant gone mad. All that is true enough, but the sacred fire is there nevertheless. *The Shadow of the Rock*, which is not a hymn at all, but is bound up in his volume of *Hymns*, much of which is pure rubbish, is one of the finest religious poems in the language, worthy to be placed by the side of the *Second Day of Creation*, by his Cambridge friend Mr. Whytehead. Why, by the way, has no one published an anthology under some such title as the "Poetry of the English Branch of the Catholic Reaction?"

With the departure of Newman from the Anglican fold went half the glamour of the movement. In the summer of 1845 it was the most natural thing in the world for a boy of sixteen, visiting Oxford for the first time, to walk out to Littlemore merely to see its church and the very humble dwelling to which Newman had temporarily retired. That was the time which was so admirably described

in 1885 by the Archbishop of Armagh, always happily inspired when he writes of his University :—

"A city of young life astir for fame,
With generations each of three years' date—
The waters fleeting, yet the fount the same—
Where old age hardly enters thro' the gate.

"Forty years since! Thoughts now long over-blown
Had just begun to quicken in the germ.
We sat discussing subjects dimly known
One pleasant evening of the Summer Term.

"So question came of all things new and old,
And how the Movement sped, and where should lead?
Some, peradventure, scorn'd, but more wax'd bold,
And boldly flaunted their triumphant creed.

"Grave grew the talk, and golden grew the gloom;
The reason might be weak, the voice was strong.
Outside, by fits and starts from room to room,
Boy call'd to boy, like birds, in bursts of song.

. . . . . .

"And 'Hail the hour,' they cried, 'when each high morn
England, at one, shall stand at the church gate,
And vesper bells o'er all the land be borne,
And Newman mould the Church, and Gladstone stamp the State.'"

By 1847 all this had changed, and the chances were that an eager youth who found himself then in Oxford would have been much more interested by Arthur Stanley's sermons on the Apostolic Age, which were then being

preached in St. Mary's, than by any other ecclesiastical event of that time. For Arthur Stanley was the man who, by the publication of the *Life of Arnold*, began the new Liberal movement, which was to draw into it most of the best intelligence of the place even more completely than had been done by its predecessor. Next year another influence came to carry the thoughts of young men away from theological controversies. This was the revolutionary agitation which so rapidly spread over Europe and made politics the chief subject of men's thoughts. A sort of ecclesiastical truce succeeded in the University to the battles of former years, and the work of those who, having gone a long way with Newman, did not follow him across the Rubicon, was transferred to other spheres. Church of Oriel, Dean Church, as he later became, the highest and purest intelligence amongst Newman's immediate friends who remained behind, wrote in his old age as follows:—

"It is not my purpose to pursue further the course of the movement. All the world knows that it was not, in fact, killed, or even much arrested by the shock of 1845. But after 1845, its field was at least as much out of Oxford as in it. As long as Mr. Newman remained, Oxford was necessarily its centre, necessarily even after he had seemed to withdraw from it. When he left his place vacant, the direction of it was not removed from Oxford, but it was largely shared by men in London and the country. It ceased to be strongly and promi-

nently Academical. No one, indeed, held such a position as Dr. Pusey's and Mr. Keble's ; but though Dr. Pusey continued to be a great power at Oxford, he now became every day a much greater power outside of it ; while Mr. Keble was now less than ever an Academic, and became more and more closely connected with men out of Oxford, his friends in London, and his neighbours at Hursley and Winchester. The cause which Mr. Newman had given up in despair was found to be deeply interesting in ever new parts of the country, and it passed gradually into the hands of new leaders."

The first of those whom Dean Church enumerates were the Wilberforces and Manning. *Felix opportunitate mortis*, he did not live to read the *Life* of the last mentioned, of which we must now give a sketch as an episode in the story of the Catholic reaction.

Henry Edward Manning, born in 1807, although a man of irreproachable life, had, while at Oxford, no very special interest in religious matters. He left the University before the fateful year 1833, and before the commencement of the Tract movement. His opinions, when he took orders and for a long time afterwards, connected him with the Evangelical party. That party, however, at this period was very different from what it afterwards became. In those days its members were mainly occupied with what they would have described as "personal religion," and in various works of benevolence. It was not till the Tract controversy began to wax hot that they became violent and persecuting, very *domini*

canes, barking through more than a whole generation at every one who did not repeat their shibboleths. Manning grew more closely connected with this way of thinking by marrying a lady whose family belonged to it, and with whom he passed what were probably the most harmless and happy years of his long and busy life. After her death he was thrown back upon his immediate work as a clergyman, and became an anxious student of the literature which was then pouring in a continuous stream from Oxford, gradually modifying his religious views in accordance with it. He became rather intimately acquainted with Newman, but always remained outside the Oxford movement proper — the movement which was inspired and directed from Oriel. Soon his abilities and other very considerable gifts attracted the attention of his bishop; he was made archdeacon, and threw himself into the work of the diocese of Chichester with great earnestness. He reknit his Oxford relations with Mr. Gladstone, as well as with Mr. Sidney Herbert, and was soon exceedingly well known in the High Church circles of London. During this period he was being carried forward on a full tide of success, and would undoubtedly have become a bishop ere many years had gone by. Already, however, doubts of the Anglican position had begun to assail his mind, and the Roman Church had begun to attract him. He struggled against it long

and fiercely, even preaching at Oxford on a fifth of November so violent an anti-Catholic sermon that Newman, who had then retired to Littlemore, refused to see him. On the day in 1845 in which it was first rumoured in London that Newman had actually gone over, he said to a friend, "I daresay the rumour is quite true, and Newman will end like Blanco White." More and more shattered, however, did his own convictions become. He used all his influence to prevent others going over to Rome, till at length the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Gorham controversy, and the silly outcry about the so-called Papal aggression, broke down his last defences, and he too capitulated. No one who knew him only as an acquaintance in the world can read this portion of his history without thinking more highly of his conscientiousness. He had everything to lose and positively nothing to gain, save peace of mind, by taking the step which he did take. Yet his reasons for going over were about the worst that could be put forward. He was not carried over by a tempest of feeling. He went over because a series of baseless illusions had gradually come to seem to him more coherent than a serious of equally baseless illusions to which he had been clinging.

It is interesting to observe how Manning, no less than Newman, suffered from having been brought up

without the slightest knowledge of natural science. In a letter dated 6th October 1845, addressed to Robert Wilberforce, he says:—

"But it seems to me that our theology is a chaos; we have no principles, no form, no order, or structure, or science. It seems to me inevitable that there must be a true and exact intellectual tradition of the Gospel, and that the scholastic theology is (more or less) such a tradition; we have rejected it, and substituted nothing in its room. Surely divine truth is susceptible, within the limits of revelation, of an expression and proof as exact as the inductive sciences. Theology must be equally capable of a history and philosophy, if we had a Master of Trinity to write them."

It evidently never occurred to Manning that the history of the Sciences with which Whewell dealt was the history of the gradual acquisition by the human race of the knowledge of a mass of facts useful for the purposes of man's life here below, and as to which certainty could be arrived at by the steady working through the ages of man's ordinary faculties; while the history of theology could be nothing more than the record of the various opinions which men had held at various times about a variety of deeply interesting subjects, as to which they could not reach anything like certainty by the operation of their ordinary faculties. Theological speculation has been and continues to be of the greatest importance in the development of the race; for the higher the

prevailing religion becomes—the more it draws into itself all that is best in our nature, the more it calls to its assistance all that is sublime or tender in art, all that is most exquisite in poetry, all that is most elevating in the contemplation of the material universe and the human microcosm—the better will be its effect upon conduct. To ask, however, from theological speculation the same sort of certainties which we get amidst the lower order of facts with which our limited intelligence is amply sufficient to deal, is to ask from it what, in this world, it cannot give. That is a thought which has been present to the mind of many who would never admit it in so many words. Even Newman wrote as his own epitaph: "Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem."

Manning, when he joined the Roman Communion, did not make the mistake which was made by another distinguished Oxford convert who went over rather later, and instead of entirely identifying himself with his new friends, set to work to be even more troublesome to them than he had been to those with whom he had broken. Manning was a born politician, and saw instinctively alike where the central force of his new Church resided, and what would be best for his own interests. The whole tendency of things, as we have already remarked, since Lamennais first appeared upon

the scene, had been to exalt the authority of the Pope as against that of the Episcopate, and *a fortiori* to sap the Gallican or national idea. Hence Manning, in whom ambition, which had been dormant, during his last years in the Church of England, once more awoke, allied himself most closely with Cardinal Wiseman, and made himself useful to his ecclesiastical superior in innumerable ways, more especially by establishing at Bayswater the house of the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, a congregation of secular priests, who received their name from offering themselves to their bishop for any work in which he might see fit to employ them. It is made clear by a long and important letter from Cardinal Wiseman to Father Faber (quoted at the commencement of vol. ii. of Mr. Purcell's book) that Cardinal Wiseman stood sadly in need of this kind of assistance—an assistance which he could not receive, thanks to their peculiar rule, from the Oratorians to whom he had at first appealed. The new convert made himself likewise personally agreeable to his chief. "How has it come about," said a young priest to Mr. W. G. Ward, "that the Cardinal likes Manning so much better than many of his old friends—above all, Archbishop Errington?" "The reason," was the reply, "is quite simple. Cardinal Wiseman has two sides—the lobster-salad side and the supernatural side. Errington will insist on

seeing only the lobster-salad side, while Manning will insist on seeing only the supernatural side. No wonder Wiseman prefers him."

The name of Archbishop Errington is associated with two long intrigues, with which Manning was only too much connected, and which are detailed at portentous length by his biographer. His account of them must surely appear to his own co-religionists a most unnecessary washing of dirty linen in public, and we need not enter into them at any length.

Doubtless there were similar moves and counter-moves from the other side. Mr. Purcell tells us, indeed, in a sentence or two, that there were; but it is one thing to say that, and another to give us, with ruthless exactitude, a faithful transcript of all the little manœuvres of the man for whom he professes so much esteem. Had the similar performances on the other side been recorded with equal minuteness, we should have had a grave *pendant* to that exceedingly amusing little book by M. Gustave Droz, *Un Paquet de Lettres*, in which a politician and a priest, both equally unscrupulous and both exceedingly clever, played diamond cut diamond, the victory remaining with the holy man.

The good people at the Vatican and their English allies, as described by Mr. Purcell, only acted after the approved fashion of priests in all lands. The records of many an

Indian law court would certainly furnish forth excellent Brahminical parallels to the *dramatis personæ* of the little comedy which ended in the summer of 1865 by Pio Nono raising his eyes to heaven, and declaring that a voice from thence had said, "Put him there! put him there!"—*him* being Manning, and *there* being the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster.

The *fin mot* of the whole pitiful business is given in an extract from a letter written to Manning by his cat's-paw at the Vatican, Monsignor Talbot, printed by Mr. Purcell on pages 220 and 221 of vol. ii. of his second edition :—

"*My* policy was never to propose you *directly* to the Pope, but to make others do so ; so that both you and I always can say that it was not I who induced the Holy Father to name you, which would lessen the weight of your appointment. This I say, because many have said that your being named was all my doing. I do not say that the Pope did not know that I thought you the only man eligible, as I took care to tell him over and over again what was against all the other candidates, and, in consequence, he was almost driven into naming you. After he had named you, the Holy Father said to me, 'What a diplomatist you are to make what you wished come to pass!' Nevertheless, I believe your appointment was specially directed by the Holy Ghost. When I consider that all the cardinals, with the exception of Reisach, from prudential motives, were against it ; that Dr. Kirby and the Irish College, Nardi, Dr. Neve, Mgr. Weld, and almost all the English in Rome opposed it, I cannot but see the hand of God. Every free Mass I offered up for you ; but at the same time I told them all that

I thought you had no chance, in order to silence them. And I did not tell them an untruth, as I did not think the Holy Father would have had the moral courage which it required to name you against so much opposition.

"I have many more things to tell you about this matter, but I shall wait till we meet."

This letter, so astounding to most people, will not, we think, appear so astounding to those who have lived in the higher clerical society which surrounds the Vatican. Worldliness and other-worldliness are woven together after a truly remarkable fashion in the minds of some of the excellent bishops and archbishops *in partibus*, who not seldom exchange their views with a very engaging frankness even in the presence of persons to whose spiritual allegiance they make no claim.

Mr. Purcell details at wearisome length all the phenomenally foolish action, taken by the unhappy victim of his biographical assiduities, in the struggle to prevent young Catholics of wealth and position obtaining the advantage of an Oxford education. All we can say in his favour is that he was not quite so imbecile as Cardinal Barnabó, the head of Propaganda, whose astonishing reception of the English Catholic petition on that subject was one of the nine days' wonders of the last generation. Manning's view—or, perhaps we should rather say, his desire to echo opinions which found most favour at Rome—was one of the things which brought him into disagreeable relations with Newman, of

whom it is clear that from first to last he was frantically jealous. A story is told that when that eminent man dedicated his *Grammar of Assent* to Serjeant Bellasis—"In remembrance of a long, equable, sunny friendship"—the printer sent back the words transformed into, "a long squabble and funny friendship." That may be true or false, but no phrase could better have described the relations of the great Oratorian and the Archbishop of Westminster, as detailed in Mr. Purcell's by no means edifying fourteenth chapter. A highly disagreeable correspondence ended in the pair promising to say Masses for each other. Is this, perhaps, the proper formula in the highest ecclesiastical circles for conveying the sentiments which are more bluntly set forth in the first lines of Browning's *Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister?*

The culminating point of Manning's greatness was the Vatican Council of 1870, where he exerted himself with consummate skill and some effect in making the worse opinions prevail over the better. What he did or did not do is, however, of little moment, and those who care about it will find it fully set forth in Mr. Purcell's pages. We must, however, make one correction, as it touches the fair fame of a far wiser man than the Archbishop of Westminster.

Nothing could be more natural than that Mr. Purcell, who knew only what Mr. Odo Russell had said or written

to Manning, should have imagined him to have been devoted to the doctrine of Papal infallibility. Mr. Odo Russell's friends know that he looked at the Council purely objectively. His duty was to keep his Government fully informed as to what had happened, was happening, and was likely to happen. This he did with the greatest care and with that extraordinary aptness to be right, which is the first merit of a statesman. From first to last he saw that the doctrine of infallibility would be proclaimed, and as the Council went on, he became more and more persuaded that for the Roman Curia its proclamation was a matter of life and death. As a philosopher, all his sympathies were with Döllinger and Acton—with the group of highly cultivated men and women who fought as long as they could against the proclamation of the dogma. He knew that their time would come, but that that time was yet far away, and never doubted for an instant that the Pope, backed by a huge majority composed largely of very unintelligent bishops, would overpower and bring to nought the opposition of a handful of German and other sages; though doubtless there was more brain-power in that handful than in all their opponents put together. It was not Mr. Odo Russell's business to instruct his Government as to the merits of the questions open between such persons as Dr. Döllinger and Dr. Manning, but it was his business to tell it what was going to happen. This he did faithfully,

and the same line which he took in his public despatches he equally took in his private letters, many of which lie before us as we write. He had the keenest interest alike in the opposition and in the bishops who yelled at Strossmayer, "Nos omnes te damnamus." The former included some of his intimate friends, but he knew perfectly well from first to last that their chances of success were quite infinitesimal. He looked at the battle from a watch-tower high above the contending parties, and described how the day was going without a shade of prejudice or passion.

In 1875 came the richly earned reward of all Manning's zeal and labours. He was made a cardinal, taking his title, not a little to his satisfaction, from the church so closely associated with the ecclesiastical history of England—the church of St. Gregory the Great, on the Cœlian Hill. In 1878, however, the old Pope died, and another entered into the inheritance which his unwisdom had done so much to impair. Leo XIII. was kind to Manning, but the days in which he enjoyed exceptional favour were gone by. He met with a good deal of opposition from influential cardinals and the administration working under them, in matters of business which he had much at heart. As time went on, too, he could not but perceive the hopelessness of maintaining the struggle for the restitution of the temporal power. His tone on that subject, once so confident, altered and altered, till at last he found himself in almost

direct opposition alike to his own old self and to the policy of the Vatican. Shut out from further activities in the sphere of ecclesiastical politics by the change of his own views about the temporal power and the relation of the Papal to the Italian Government, as well as by the change of the *personnel* at the Vatican, the restless mind of the Cardinal turned to social questions at home, and he threw himself into one agitation after another with all his old zeal. Alas, however, the curious ignorance of facts and of the realities of things, which had been the bane of his life, followed him into this field also. His intentions were often excellent; but he never got anything quite right. He wanted to help on the cause of temperance; but it may be doubted how far he did it any good by his well-meant exaggerations. He plunged into the furious controversies connected with the dock strike, without having taken the trouble to acquaint himself with the position of the dock proprietors, whom he believed to be rolling in riches when they were very much more than half ruined. He always took a superficially kind, gushing view of things, and his public utterances about social matters, as recorded by his biographer, are melancholy enough. How much of all he did and said arose from good nature, how much from senility, how much from want of knowledge, and how much from the love always strong in him, *digito monstrari*, we leave to be settled between his successor and his surely too cruel friend, Mr. Sydney

Buxton, in whose Temple of Fame he has a niche only a little lower than Mr. Parnell. An alliance between the Roman Church and democracy no doubt floated before his mind, as it will long continue to do before those of other ambitious ecclesiastics. It is, however, save for very limited purposes and short periods, a vain imagination. Many eddies on the surface of the democratic movement make in favour of priestly power; but the deep main stream is running quite in an opposite direction. Religion, if it is to remain a great force in the world, must ally itself with all that is highest and best in humanity, not with the very passions which it exists to oppose.

Father Burke, the great Dominican orator, saw more clearly than did Manning what would come of stimulating the predatory instinct of the worst portion of the masses and making himself the ally of their misleaders. "You," he said, when on his death-bed, to an English nobleman, "have some influence with the Vatican. For God's sake get the Pope to appoint good bishops, or Ireland is lost to the faith."

It is pleasant to note that as Manning grew older he grew much more amiable, and the excellent doctrine of invincible ignorance was stretched by him very far, to the advantage of those of his countrymen who were outside the Roman pale. This must be borne in mind by those who estimate either the man or the movement with which

he was connected. Then, too, it should be remembered that by bringing the Roman branch of it into connection with the lives of multitudes who belonged to entirely different schools of religious or irreligious thought, he probably made them, as well as himself, more tolerant. He effected likewise some good by his constant endeavour to raise the standard of the secular or—as he would have preferred to call them—the pastoral clergy under his charge. At the same time it is far from certain that he would not have done better, both for his own fame and for many of the ideas which he most cherished, if he had become an Anglican bishop or archbishop, and worked on the same lines as he worked on at Chichester, with just so much concession to wiser and more liberal views as the increasing enlightenment amongst the Anglican clergy would have forced upon him. For, after all, the real work of the Oxford movement has been done within the Church of England. None of those who went over—not even Newman—has produced, or will produce, any very permanent effect on the mighty organisation which they joined. It has moved, and will move, by its own laws, little affected by anything they have brought to it; whereas those who did not go over (although personally far less able and interesting than some who did) have by their united efforts produced immense effects—effects to which Manning himself bore very generous testimony.

His criticism is creditable to all concerned; but we, looking at the matter, so to speak, at a different angle, attach more importance to a remark made by Jowett to the late Lord Arthur Russell: "We Liberals must admit," he said, as they came together out of a church in Oxford, "that if it had not been for the High Church movement, English life would have lost a great deal of beauty and richness." There is, of course, no denying that many of the men, whose memories are most cherished in High Church circles, were exceedingly narrow and exceedingly ignorant of many things which they ought to have known. It is enough to say that they looked rather askance at Thirlwall, distrusted Milman, and persecuted both Stanley and Jowett—the four greatest ornaments of the Anglican Communion during the thirty years after Newman left it. But, when we have made all deductions, just compare the English churches of the present day and the society which takes much of its tone from them with the English churches and the society of even fifty years ago, not to say before the publication of the *Christian Year*—the first dawn of the new morning. Go to such a place as "St Peter's in the docks," and see what an island of civilisation has been created by a Ritualist clergyman in the very roughest part of London. And what has been done there has been done in hundreds and hundreds of places up and down the land. If the 1833 movement did nothing else, it rescued the country districts

of England from the sort of society which is described by Miss Austen, in reading whose works we are often seduced by the marvellous skill of the artist to forget the ghastly dreariness of the world in which she lived. Other influences have aided the work which Oriel began, and aided it most powerfully; but honour to whom honour is due—Oriel did begin it. Let us be grateful to it for all the good it has brought about, and forget as much as possible its errors. But let us by no means forget that if either the Anglican or the Roman Church is to keep its place in the world, it must not lose its hold over the educated. No wise man will ask either of these great organisations to unsay what they have said. "L'Église Catholique," said Voltaire, "est infaillible, et l'Église Anglicane n'a jamais tort;" but there is all the difference in the world between conserving old formulas and applying them in a consequent and rigorous manner. The Catholic Church is by way of being very unbending in matters of doctrine; but have none of us ever assisted at a Catholic funeral where, when they sang "*In Paradisum deducant*" we have felt that the religious opinions of the deceased were as wide and as wise as the most latitudinarian of mortals could desire? Both Rome and England must take account of the vast number of facts which have been acquired for humanity since their dogmatic statements were called into existence. Both must give ever-increasing heed to the results which have

been arrived at chiefly by the scholarship of Germany. We in England are specially bound to do so; for the whole movement, which culminated in the labours of the Tübingen school in connection with the new, as of Wellhausen and so many others in connection with the Old Testament, began in this country. The first to move in that direction was the group of men who sprang out of the school of Locke. All German theology and biblical criticism worth any attention descended either directly from them through Reimarus, or indirectly through the efforts that were made, first by Semler and Ernesti, then by a whole legion of successors, to save the old Lutheran orthodoxy by giving up points which were no longer tenable. The views that have been returning to us during the last forty years from beyond the Rhine, immensely purified, had their origin in the very crude ideas of these Englishmen of the early eighteenth century. England, as we saw at the commencement of this paper, was the mother of Romanticism. England was also the mother of Free Thought. Both at Oxford and Cambridge there are now men in the high places of the Church who seem to understand that it is their mission to take a first step in fusing together the movement towards enlightenment and the movement towards holiness of life —the Catholic reaction and the desire to look facts in the face. Dean Stanley best represents, in the recent past, the mingling of the two streams in the Church of England;

but he was, perhaps, too exclusively under the influence of the writings of Ewald abroad, and was thrown, by the circumstances of his life, too much into antagonism with the High Church party at home, to do more than foreshadow that union of two widely different tendencies which must come about in the fulness of time, if we are ever to imitate the wisdom of Owen, the epigrammatist, who wrote the line:

"Seu vetus est verum diligo sive novum;"

which was taken, by the way, as its motto by the *Home and Foreign Review*. A curious letter has been published from Jowett to Stanley, in which the former advised his friend to write no more short books, but one great final book on theology, reconciling the old and the new. It was well-meant but bad advice; the time had not come, nor was Stanley the man to do it. Another friend of the illustrious Dean's wrote more wisely:—

"Ay me! 'Tis deaf, that ear
Which joy'd my voice to hear;
Yet would I not disturb thee from thy tomb,
Thus sleeping in thine Abbey's friendly shade,
And the rough waves of life for ever laid!
I would not break thy rest, nor change thy doom.
Even as my father, thou—
Even as that loved, that well-recorded friend—
Hast thy commission done; ye both may now
Wait for the leaven to work, the let to end.

"And thou, O Abbey grey!
Predestined to the ray
By this dear guest over thy precinct shed—
Fear not but that thy light once more shall burn,
Once more thy immemorial gleam return,
Though sunk be now this bright, this gracious head!
Let but the light appear
And thy transfigured walls be touch'd with flame—
Our Arthur will again be present here,
Again from lip to lip will pass his name."

The light will be long in returning if the fatuous advice which is sometimes tendered to the Anglican Church is ever taken, and she is tempted to exclude from her pale either those who love all too much the Lion of Rome or those who love all too much the Bear of Geneva.

Her strength is to sit still; and to say in most controversies, "I don't know." Church establishments have many drawbacks, and will doubtless eventually disappear; but the English Establishment has two immense, though accidental, advantages—first, that it is impossible to make her formularies consistent with each other; secondly, that her supreme tribunal consists mainly of elderly lawyers, whose attitude towards most ecclesiastical disputes will usually be one of slightly cynical impartiality.

It may well be hoped that English scholarship and English good sense, when once allowed free play on these subjects, may produce even better results than have been

produced beyond the Rhine. It will be a long process. To sift the true from the false opinions, the wise from the unwise practices of nineteen hundred years, is no small undertaking. Oxford and Cambridge, with their long habits of reverence, and with the new accession of light which has characterised their history in the last four decades, may well be destined to complete the work which was begun in Leipzig and Halle a hundred and fifty years ago. The only sustained and serious attempt hitherto made to bring the two streams of thought into connection was made in France by Ernest Renan, whose works are full of such passages as the following :—

"Jouissons de la liberté des fils de Dieu ; mais prenons garde d'être complices de la diminution de vertu qui menacerait nos sociétés, si le Christianisme venait à s'affaiblir. Que serions-nous sans lui ? Qui remplacera ces grandes écoles de sérieux et de respect telle que Saint-Sulpice, ce ministère de dévouement des Filles de la Charité ? Comment n'être pas effrayé de la sécheresse de cœur et de la petitesse qui envahissent le monde ? Notre dissidence avec les personnes qui croient aux religions positives est, après tout, uniquement scientifique ; par le cœur nous sommes avec elles ; nous n'avons qu'un ennemi, et, c'est aussi le leur, je veux dire le matérialisme vulgaire, la bassesse de l'homme intéressé."

Renan would, if the influence of St. Nicholas du Chardonnet had been the only one to which his youth was subjected, have become, in virtue of his strong poetical feeling, one of those very neo-Catholics, "cent fois

hérétiques sans le savoir," whose position he so much criticised. If he had been destined for a lay career, he might easily have imbibed a great deal of German learning about the Bible and the early Christian centuries without finding it necessary to break with the Church. It was quite another matter to become a priest and to teach, year out and year in, as things which it was absolutely necessary to believe, doctrines which had become to him merely interesting products of the human mind working upon facts, the bearing of which it had only imperfectly understood. The Catholicism which he had learnt from the Breton priests was a system from which nothing could be removed without the whole edifice crashing down; and so it did crash down. But he retained a very strong affection for all that he had left, in so far as it could be disjoined from vain wisdom and false philosophy. Unfortunately, however, Renan inherited not only the Breton gravity and "Nostalgie de l'Infini," but also a large dose of Gaulois vivacity and more than mischievous gaiety. Nor did he debar himself from publishing to the world things which would have been much more in place in the works of a scholar of the seventeenth than of a religious teacher in the nineteenth century. It was not for nothing either that he had lived in the Paris which is described in the Journal of the Goncourts. This frequent want of seriousness and the excursions which he made into regions of speculation, where the ideas of the

wisest are mere dream-shadows, sadly damaged his authority, and prevented his being able to exercise the influence which he might otherwise have done.

We are still very far away from the synthesis that must eventually bring together sane ideas about Jewish and early Christian history with the practice which has been evolved, mainly through the action of the Catholic Church, through so many centuries. When the time has come for it, Renan will be recognised, after making the fullest allowance for his mistakes, as one whose work was, in intention at least, mainly, if prematurely, constructive.

What, then, may we say, has been the outcome of the Catholic reaction up to this time? It seems to have been this. In so far as it was directed towards bringing back under the sway of authority any portion of the territory that had been conquered by human reason, it has been an utter failure. History and Science have entirely emancipated themselves. On the other hand, in so far as its efforts have been directed to conserve or to revive all that was good in the past, a high standard of conduct, a devotion to noble and unselfish ends, a keen appreciation of art, of poetry, of gentleness and beauty of life, it has been, and is destined to be, an ever-increasing success. The region of its real and permanent success, however, has been confined to the domain of private conduct. The civil power in all lands more and more resents any sort of ecclesiastical dictation;

and in the times upon which we are entering, the Churches —at least, of the West—far from attempting to impose their will upon the State, will, we hope and believe, be content to deprecate all political interference in the concerns of the soul, maintaining their own freedom, but in no way interfering with that of others.

There will be, of course, many currents and counter-currents. Some writers—Professor Nitti, for example—attach great importance to the alliance between the Catholic Church and the Socialists, which they observe in various countries of Europe. That alliance, however, can hardly continue very long.

Priests who are thinking more of personal success than of principle, from Manning at one end of the scale to such of the Irish clergy as sympathised with the aims and means of the Land League, would be ready enough to ally themselves with Socialism; but a religion which is based upon the proposition that everything ends here, and that the part of all wise men is to get, while they are here, at whatever cost, as much of the goods of this life as possible, cannot remain in indissoluble alliance with a religion which is based on the proposition that the present life is a mere state of probation, that death is the true *janua vitæ*, and that man will be judged in the next world according to his conformity to or divergence from the standard of living which it has enjoined through nineteen centuries.

Things have not moved in the direction hoped for by Döllinger. The reunion of Christendom will never come about on any dogmatic basis, however simple. It could only come about by all sects consenting to treat dogmas as things of minor importance, and to concentrate their attention upon good works. Persons who had come to very different dogmatic conclusions might surely accept a thousand practices, and treat with respect a thousand opinions which they did not share. A controversialist of the destructive school may prove irrefragably that this or that doctrine held by this or that section of the Christian world is without an historical basis. He may prove, for example, that we know next to nothing of the Mother of Christ; but in doing so he does not prove that the reverence paid to the Madonna in Catholic countries has been anything short of a gigantic boon to mankind. It is not the part of a wise man to denounce or ridicule any dogma unless it can be shown to have an evil effect. Some which are generally held both by Catholics and Protestants have such an effect; but the immense majority have not; and the tendency of things in the last generation, both amongst Protestants and Catholics, has been to let the more mischievous dogmas fall a good deal into the background. The appearance in England of such a phenomenon as the Metaphysical Society, at which all the questions lying at the root of religion and philosophy were considered absolutely

open, and where authority had no voice, was a very significant circumstance. At its meetings any one might have found himself sitting with Manning on one side and Huxley on the other; but from first to last there never was the shadow of a misunderstanding between the opposite poles of opinion, and when its meetings ceased, everybody thought more kindly of the opinions of everybody else. That is the only kind of reunion of Christendom that is to be anticipated for generations—perhaps for centuries—to come.

THE DILETTANTI SOCIETY.[1]

THE Dining Associations of London are not the least remarkable feature in its highly complex society. Their name is Legion, but four are more peculiarly interesting, from their long history and the number of men, famous in various sections of national life, who have taken an active part in them. These are The Club, founded in 1764 by Sir Joshua Reynolds, assisted by Burke, Johnson, and Goldsmith; the Literary Society, founded in 1806, of which Wordsworth and Rogers were original members; Grillion's, founded in 1812 for the purpose of keeping socially united, men of diametrically opposite politics; and the Dilettanti Society, which forms the subject of the volume we propose to notice.

The exact date of its foundation has not been ascertained, but in all probability it was December 1732. The first

[1] *History of the Society of Dilettanti.* Compiled by Lionel Cust, M.A., and Edited by Sydney Colvin, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co.

minute-book belongs to the spring of the year 1736. In May of that year there were forty-six members, most of them young men of fashion, who had made the grand tour, usually under the guidance of some more or less discreet personage in holy orders. Several of these Mentors were among the earliest members, such as Robert Hay, who died as Archbishop of York, and Arthur Smyth, who became Primate of Ireland. It may be guessed, however, that these divines did not impart much of their seriousness to their companions, when we mention that Sir Francis Dashwood, more perhaps than any one else, gave the tone to their gatherings. Bred in the school of Bolingbroke, he wandered over Europe, and obtained everywhere an unedifying fame, while on his return to his own country he scandalised a not too prudish age by being the High Priest of Medmenham Abbey. Later in life he atoned in various ways for these strange doings; but his best title to such gratitude as posterity may see fit to accord to him certainly comes from the fact that he was for fifty years a member of the Society of Dilettanti, and that he supported, if he did not even suggest, some of its best enterprises. Other original members of importance were the Earl of Middlesex, who became Duke of Dorset; Sir Hugh Smithson, the ancestor of the Dukes of Northumberland; Sir Andrew Mitchell, who was Minister at the Court of Frederick II.; Thomas Villiers, the first Earl of Clarendon; and Sir

Charles Hanbury Williams. Ere long another name, too, famous in later days, was added to the Society by the election of the Earl of Sandwich; but of him, too, there is a great deal of good to be said, which the authors of this work most properly bring before us, especially reminding us that he was the chief supporter of Captain Cook, and richly deserved to give his name to the Hawaiian Islands. His intimate friend, John, Duke of Bedford, the first Earl of Leicester, and Robert D'Arcy, Earl of Holdernesse, who joined the Dilettanti in 1745, when he was Ambassador to Venice, were also elected at an early period.

Mr. Lionel Cust and Mr. Sydney Colvin, the joint authors of the work under review, the one being described on the title-page as compiler, the other as editor, after setting forth in adequate detail the facts most essential to be known about the original members of the Society, and their immediate successors, proceed to give an account of their manners and customs. Some of them were not of the best, as may be learnt from Horace Walpole and others. These, happily, have long vanished away, but the Society has kept on foot many quaint practices which it would have been a thousand pities to have discarded. A full description of these will be found in the second chapter. In it the reader will find, amongst other particulars, that one of the rules, ere travelling became so general, was that no one could be proposed unless by a member who had been

personally acquainted with him *or her* in Italy. After a certain election, however, it was discovered that the proposing member had met his friend not in Italy but in Avignon. Thereupon two resolutions were passed :—

(1) That it is the opinion of the Society that Avignon is in Italy.
(2) That no other town in France is in Italy.

It does not appear that the members availed themselves of the permission, implied in the above-mentioned rule, to propose ladies.

Established chiefly with a view of bringing together persons whose tastes were similar, the members of the Dilettanti Society, even in very early days, did more than dine together. They helped on the building of Westminster Bridge, they did something with but moderate success to establish an Italian Opera, took the first steps towards creating the Royal Academy, and as far back as 1761, on the motion of Sir Francis Dashwood, they passed a resolution which was the beginning of all efforts made in England towards enriching this country with a gallery of casts.

L'appétit vient en mangeant, and the Society, after interesting itself in promoting the fine arts at home, turned its attention to larger enterprises, having the same general purpose, abroad. The fourth chapter opens with a succinct

but clear account of the progress of the study of classical archæology in England from the middle of the seventeenth century onwards. Much good work had been done and much enthusiasm expended in other countries, from the commencement of the Renaissance onwards, in studying the archæology of Italy; but the archæology of Greece was all but a sealed book till an English nobleman, the Earl of Arundel, turned his attention to it. He had worthy followers or rivals in the famous Duke of Buckingham, Lord Pembroke, and others, nor did the study, interrupted for a time by the Civil War, ever die out amongst Englishmen of position and property. Many individual members of the Dilettanti Society had occupied themselves with it before 1764, but it was in that year that the Society as a body threw into the scale a weight so decisive that an eminent German savant, Professor Kruse, followed by Michaelis, divides the history of Greece into five periods, of which the foundation of the Dilettanti Society is the fifth. And he is quite right in doing so, because it cannot be sufficiently insisted on that it is the history of the mind of Greece, its poetry, its philosophy, its art, which is important. Its political history has been viewed through misleading media, and its value for after-times wildly exaggerated. It was in 1764 that the Society sent Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Chandler, Mr. Revett, and Mr. Pars to Asia Minor, where, as well as in Attica and the Morea, they collected a great deal of most precious material, much

of which was published in 1769 under the title of *Ionian Antiquities*, a second volume of which appeared a good many years later. The Society also assisted the publication of *Dr. Chandler's Travels* and the *Antiquities of Athens* by Athenian Stuart, whose house, built in St. James's Square on Greek lines for Lord Anson, bears witness to its architect's careful study of his models, no less than to the inapplicability of that kind of architecture to our climate and mode of life.

Gradually the first members of the Society vanished from the scene, their last survivor being the Earl of Bessborough, who lived to 1793. It was still full of young men of fashion, but a rather graver tone began to prevail, though Charles Fox, who became a member at twenty, hardly tended to increase its gravity. It was connected with The Club not only through Sir Joshua Reynolds, who became a member of the Dilettanti in the very year in which he founded that institution, but through, amongst others, Bennet Langton, Topham Beauclerk, Colman, Garrick, and Viscount Palmerston. The last-named passed his life in pursuits widely different from those of his famous son, but was very active in his own line as a collector, finding a happy hunting-ground in Paris even in the midst of the Revolution. The archæological and artistic work of the Society attracted to it such men as Sir William Hamilton, Sir George

Beaumont, Mr. Charles Townley, Sir Henry Englefield, and Mr. Payne Knight, of all of whom brief sketches are to be found in these pages. Reynolds became its painter in 1769. It was not till ten years later that Sir Joseph Banks was elected a member, but he took the most active part in all the proceedings of the Society, and was treasurer and secretary for eighteen years. In the days of Dashwood and Sandwich the Dilettanti were content, as we have seen, to set on foot explorations and to promote archæological work. In their later stage individual members did a good deal of writing themselves, sometimes with good success, sometimes not, and in their less happy moments they led the Society into scrapes. Payne Knight was the great offender in this way, for he it was who committed it to the worst mistake it ever made—its opposition to the wise and admirable work of Lord Elgin in rescuing from ruin the marbles which bear his name. Before the recent war showed the civilised world what the Greeks were, proposals were sometimes made to restore to them the treasures of the Parthenon. The judgment of most judicious people as to these proposals was neatly summed up in a reply which was made by the late Sir Edgar Boehm to a young Member of Parliament, who asked him what he thought about a Motion he intended to make in favour of restoring the precious monuments we had

saved for mankind. "If you succeeded," said the sculptor, "I would curse you with my dying breath." We may draw a veil over the errors into which Payne Knight led his friends, and remember only that he did a good day's work when by his *Travels in Sicily* he led Goethe to visit that island. The Society was much more happily inspired when it published *Select Specimens of Antient Sculpture in the Collections of Great Britain*, and when its members vied with each other, as they did through the closing decade of the eighteenth century, in importing treasures from Italy, many of which passed from the collections of Townley, Cracherode, and others into the British Museum.

We will not attempt further to pursue the history of the Dilettanti, although the seventh and eighth chapters, which bring it down to our own times, are as interesting as any of their predecessors. The ninth and last chapter contains a full account of the pictures in the possession of the Society, and now to be seen in the lower room of the Grafton Galleries, where the dinners, at present, take place. A great many of the portraits are reproduced in the volume before us, including the two great Sir Joshuas, which became well known to the public while they were temporarily deposited in the National Gallery. An appendix contains a list of the members from 1736 to the end of last year.

In a book of this sort, minute, even pedantic, accuracy

is highly desirable, and we should advise those who are responsible for it to have it carefully revised, if a new edition of the letterpress is called for. With the exception, however, of trifling errors, we see nothing to find fault with, and we can only congratulate Mr. Cust and Mr. Colvin upon having made a valuable addition to our libraries. We could wish that they had not dressed so choice a volume in a hideous suit of buckram, but perhaps they desired to encourage artistic bookbinding by forcing every one to submit his copy or copies to one of its more eminent professors. That is the most charitable explanation which we have heard, and we trust it is as correct as it is charitable.

The conditions amidst which the Dilettanti Society now finds itself are very unlike those amidst which it had its origin and grew to maturity through two generations. Travel was then the luxury of the wealthy; it has now become comparatively cheap. Numbers of new organisations are at work in classical lands far more specialised and far more suited than the Dilettanti Society to add to the world's knowledge, each in its own department. One is especially devoted to Hellenic studies in Greece; another ransacks Egypt for Greek manuscripts; Asia Minor has been carefully explored by an Aberdeen Professor, and so on. Under these circumstances, the Society has no call to send out new expeditions or to

publish huge illustrated works. Its best friends would like to see it long remain a clasp uniting together the principal persons connected with the various organisations now working to increase our knowledge of the art and literature of Greece and Rome, such of them at least as have their roots in British soil. They would like to see it able to say with regard to every sensible effort of this kind, "Pars," if not "Pars *magna* fui." An enthusiastic member once declared in a conversation with Mr. Gladstone that the Dilettanti had founded the Italian Opera, the Royal Academy, and the British Museum. That was an incorrect and exaggerated statement, no doubt, but still the Society had much to do, directly and indirectly, with all these three institutions, and we trust that in the future, as in the past, it may be zealous of all good works which come within or near the edge of its province.

THE CLUB

IN 1896 a Society which had long existed in Pembroke College, Oxford, and which took its name from Dr. Johnson, determined to celebrate its 500th meeting by a festival, at which Dr. Bartholomew Price, who was then at the head of the College, took the chair, and many visitors from London were invited. Extremely interesting addresses were delivered by Canon Ainger and others; Mr. Austin Dobson read a poem written in honour of the occasion, full of his usual grace and charm, and altogether we passed a delightful evening. I was asked to attend in my capacity of Treasurer of The Club with which the great Doctor was so closely connected, and took, in reply to the toast of my health, the opportunity of stating some facts about it. I said:—

"Professor Saintsbury's admirable speech to which we have just listened, so flattering to the already venerable institution which I have the honour to represent, and so all too flattering to me, brought to my mind many things of which I should like to speak. As, however, it is in my capacity of Treasurer of the Club that you have drunk my health, and as the Treasurer is the custodian of the records of that body, you will, of course, wish me to confine myself to its affairs. And first, you will be glad to hear that it is in excellent health and spirits. It held its last dinner on the 9th of this month, and elected on that occasion its 216th

member. Seeing that it was founded in the year 1764, that gives an average of a good deal less than two elections a year. Last year, however, there were an unusual number of deaths—Lord Selborne, Mr. Huxley, Mr. Reeve, and Lord Leighton having all left our ranks between the first meeting of 1895 and the first of 1896.

"We have elected this season Lord Peel, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Pember, and Professor Jebb. Our numbers are now thirty-eight. They cannot, by our statutes, pass beyond forty.

"It is commonly supposed that Dr. Johnson was the founder of The Club, but that is not quite so. Sir Joshua Reynolds was our founder; but Dr. Johnson, Mr. Burke, his father-in-law Dr. Nugent, Mr. Bennet Langton, Mr. Topham Beauclerk, Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, and Mr. Anthony Chamier, then Under Secretary of State, were all original members. For the first few years, unluckily, no records were kept, and the earliest note in our books of the members present at a meeting belongs to the 7th April 1775, when Mr. Charles Fox was in the chair, and Beauclerk, Boswell, Chambers, Gibbon, Johnson, Langton, and Reynolds were amongst those present. For many years the names were only entered by a clerk, but on the 1st of April 1788 the practice was introduced that the chairman of the night should sign the list of those members who were present and absent. The chairman that night was Boswell. Dr. Johnson's last appearance at The Club

was four years before this, so that we have not his signature in our books at all. The last of the original members to go over to the majority was Bennet Langton, who died in 1801. On 17th July 1832, it was arranged that every member present should sign his name after dinner, and that practice has been continued to the present time. The Father of the Club, as it now exists, is the Duke of Argyll, who was elected on the 17th June 1851. Mr. Gladstone comes second, having been elected six years afterwards.

"You may remember that Dr. Johnson and Boswell spent their time on the rather dreary road which leads from Strichen to Banff, in trying whether they could find some member of The Club, as then constituted, to fill each Professorship in the University of St. Andrew's. They did so, much to their own satisfaction; but I think we could now make a list not at all inferior to theirs. First, I must admit one or two deficiencies. Though we have some most competent authorities on Art, we have no one quite in the position of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to whom painting was to have been confided. Then we have no one who approaches Sir William Jones in wide knowledge of Eastern languages. We have not Mr. Burke to teach Politics, but we have the present Prime Minister, and the Prime Minister before him, ready to give valuable prelections on that subject, five other present or recent Cabinet Ministers ready to lend a hand; and an ex-Viceroy

of India, Lord Lansdowne, reinforced by Sir Alfred Lyall, ready to talk good sense about that great dependency, instead of the raging and rampant nonsense in which Mr. Burke, great man as he was, too frequently indulged. We have no one at all to teach Celtic Antiquities, which were assigned to Mr. Vesey; but then I gather from a notice in Dr. Birkbeck Hill's most valuable edition of Boswell that he knew nothing whatever about them; nor have we any one to teach Scotch Law, which Boswell was to have done, but his father would, I am afraid, have asserted that he knew hardly more of that subject than Mr. Vesey did of Celtic Antiquities. Sir William Chambers was to teach English Law. He was a most respectable judge, but I think Lord Herschell and Lord Davey would bring to the work a good deal more authority. Mr. Chamier was to teach Commercial Politics. I think Mr. Goschen's experience is both wider and deeper. Bennet Langton was to be Professor of Greek. I suspect he would have made but a poor substitute for Jebb. Beauclerk was to teach Natural Philosophy, but he was not exactly on the intellectual level of Lord Kelvin. Garrick was to teach Oratory, and I have no doubt he would have done it extremely well. I suppose, however, that the three things in the way of oratory best worth hearing in our times have been Bright speaking to some thousand people, Mr. Gladstone replying in the House of Commons at midnight, and the Duke of Argyll addressing the House of

Lords at five o'clock in the afternoon, the red benches filled below, and the galleries filled above. Well, of these masters of eloquence, the last two both belong to our body, and I daresay their lectures would be at least as useful as would have been those of the great actor. Dr. Nugent was to take care of Medical Science, but I am sure Sir James Paget would command the confidence of the profession more fully than he did. Goldsmith was to have taken the department of Poetry and Ancient History. I would divide them between Acton and Courthope, not a little I imagine, to the advantage of their students. Colman was to have been the Professor of Latin, but I am confident that he never was so good a scholar as Sir Robert Herbert or Sir George Trevelyan. Divinity was to have been halved between Bishop Percy of the *Reliques* and Dr. Johnson. We have two Bishops, your own diocesan of Oxford and the Bishop of Peterborough; while if it was thought necessary that a layman should take part in the teaching, Mr. Gladstone would, when not otherwise engaged, certainly be ready with a set of lectures on Butler, on Anglican Orders, or, indeed, on almost any subject which the theologian has to consider. Lecky and Walpole would be much more efficient expounders of Modern History than Lord Charlemont, and Lord Acton would be always there to supplement them. Professor York-Powell, himself a great master of history, will bear me out when I say that no Englishman has ever surpassed Lord Acton in his knowledge of it.

"We could, you see, supply very well the Professorships which Johnson and Boswell discussed on the Strichen road, and we could supply several others of which they did not think. The Art of War might be taught by the two commanders who know it both by theory and practice —the one a Frenchman, the other an Englishman—the Duc d'Aumale and Lord Wolseley. The mystery of Diplomacy might be taught by Lord Dufferin and Sir Henry Elliot; Botany by Sir Joseph Hooker, the first systematic botanist in the world; Palæography by Sir E. Maunde Thompson; while the whole realm of the animal creation might be surveyed and explained by Sir William Flower. I am far from having exhausted the list of our members, though I have doubtless gone a long way to exhaust your patience. What I have been able to say about The Club as it exists at this moment, might have been as truly said by my predecessor, Mr. Henry Reeve, by his predecessor, Dean Milman, or by any one who filled before them the office of Treasurer, so that I am justified, I think, in asserting that the institution in which Dr. Johnson took so much interest, has not suffered at the hands of his successors.

"We have to-morrow our last dinner for the season, and I shall feel much pleasure in reporting how kindly the health of The Club has been proposed, and how cordially it has been drunk by this distinguished company."

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, 1858–1881

WHEN I received, some time ago, a welcome invitation to come down and address my old friends, I had no difficulty on fixing upon a subject, for it was clear that in addressing an Elgin audience, I could speak upon one subject only, upon the long period in which we stood to each other in the relation of Constituents and Representative. In treating that subject I shall look at it only as a chapter in our recent history, with the eyes of a careful observer of men and things, not with those of a militant politician.

It is forty years well told since I first, in December 1857, came before you as a candidate, and we began the political connection which lasted through five-and-twenty sessions. When that connection commenced, the question before the country was, whether or not the time had come for altering the machinery by which our great vassal Empire in the East had been governed, since the passing of

Mr. Pitt's famous Act? Much heat was evoked during the discussion, and many bad reasons were given for doing a very sensible thing; but, in the end, the views which you held, in common with the great majority of the electorate, received the sanction of Parliament, and a simpler piece of machinery was substituted for the India House and the Board of Control, whose physical remoteness from each other—the one being situated in the middle of the commercial quarter of London, the other in the heart of the political quarter—sufficiently reflected the inconveniences of the old system. I have had, as you know, much to do, since those days, with the Government of India, at the India Office, in the House of Commons, in India itself; and while feeling the greatest respect and regard for the Great Company, I have no doubt that the change, which you then all wished for and sent me to support, was a wise one.

When I entered Parliament, the reins of power were held by Lord Palmerston. That eminent man was not, at any portion of his career, as much admired in Scotland as he was latterly in England. I remember the late Lord Stanhope saying to me in 1865 that south of the Trent a candidate, who wished for an easy victory, might save himself the trouble of making a speech, and simply say "Palmerston." He had, nevertheless, in 1857, your support and the support of the best Liberal opinion north

of the Tweed, so that you fully approved one of the first votes I gave in the Session of 1858, when his Government was overthrown, thanks to the not too scrupulous manœuvre executed by the then Lord Derby, on the night of Mr. Milner Gibson's amendment.

The result, however, was not very important, and perhaps, on the whole, salutary, since it gave time for the healing of the feud or feuds in the Liberal Party which had been intensified by the China vote and the China dissolution in the beginning of the previous year. With the full support of the re-united Liberal Party, and with much support from the more moderate section of the Conservatives, Lord Palmerston returned to power after the dissolution of 1859, and retained his ascendancy until his death.

The Derby Government of 1858-9 was considered, by friends and foes alike, a mere stop-gap, and beyond carrying through Parliament a Bill for the Government of India, founded upon resolutions which had obtained favour with both sides, it did little in the way of legislation. Reasonable men of all shades of opinion had seen for a long time that the Property Qualification for Members of Parliament, which did not exist in Scotland and had no practical importance anywhere, ought to be got rid of, and that the still more foolish prejudice which prevented Jews from sitting in the House of Commons should go the

way of other follies. Both these salutary changes belong to the period of Conservative Office; but both were foregone conclusions when the Conservatives came in.

By a happy chance the wisest man they had in their ranks, the last Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, had to take the initiatory steps in starting the new Government of India. It was under his auspices that appeared the Queen's Proclamation, which has been so much talked of since, and forms a sort of Indian Magna Charta. Lord Stanley did another thing, in connection with India, which may look to some a matter of trifling importance, but which an ex-Governor of Madras may be permitted to think of as much more momentous than many changes that occupy a large space in our ordinary histories. He sent Mr., or, as he is now, Sir, Clements Markham to South America, to devise means by which the Cinchona tree might be transplanted to India, a very difficult enterprise, for it was jealously guarded by many dragons. When I tell you that Cinchona is almost a specific against the most deadly form of malarial fever and that, unless the aid of Cinchona is invoked, malarial fever kills far more people in Southern India than cholera does even in a cholera epidemic, you will understand why I think that an apparently trifling act was more important than the winning of a good many battles.

The Conservative Government was peculiarly unlucky

in finding itself in Downing Street at a moment when European questions were being agitated, with regard to which it, naturally and necessarily, took a view opposed to that held by the majority of its countrymen. It took its stand upon the treaties which followed the Napoleonic wars, while most Liberals had no objection to see some of these treaties torn up. The best observers of contemporary affairs had thought, for some time, that war between Austria and France was all but inevitable, and when, on the first day of 1859, the rumour ran from capital to capital that the Austrian Ambassador had been badly received at the Tuileries, it was universally believed, although as a matter of fact it was not true. I was not aware that it was not true till long afterwards, when M. de Hübner, the Ambassador in question, whom I knew extremely well in the last decade of his life, told me that what the Emperor Napoleon really said to him was: "I trust you will assure the Emperor that although our Ministers have some subjects of difference, my personal regard for him is as high as possible." Nevertheless the erroneous account of what had passed, circulated by an indiscreet person who was present, was only a presage of coming events, and we all had these events much in our minds when you sent me back to the House of Commons in 1859, and when we gave effect to the wishes of our Constituents by replacing Lord Palmerston in office.

The first important measure of the new Government was the Commercial Treaty with our nearest neighbours, which I as your representative strongly supported. I had of course much rather have seen that treaty backed by the best intelligence of France expressing itself through a representative Assembly. This, however, was out of the question; the best intelligence of France had then nothing whatever to do with its so-called representative Assemblies, and the legal maxim, that no one is bound to perform impossibilities, holds good in politics no less than in jurisprudence. The conclusion of that treaty was the great glory of the year 1860. It was a most admirable measure, and paved the way for a great advance throughout Europe towards commercial freedom, the prospects of which looked exceedingly good even as late as 1875, though much ground has been since lost. It was one of the most striking victories of reason over unreason which our times have seen, and it would be very unfair not to give much credit for it to the enlightened views of the then Emperor of the French. Unfortunately, however, those who knew that personage best knew that he was utterly undependable, and they did wisely who, while giving him full support in his commercial policy, pushed on the Volunteer movement and fortified our coasts against a surprise which, if he had thought it to his advantage, he might at any time have attempted. Even as late as 1871, when he was a prisoner

at Wilhelmshöhe, he tried to intrigue with Germany against this country, which was so soon to afford him his last asylum.

The gravest pre-occupation of Statesmen in 1861 was the commencement of the American Civil War, which nearly led, as you will recollect, just at the time when the country was saddened by the death of the Prince Consort, to the outbreak of hostilities between us and the Northern States.

People in this part of the island were not, I think, ever so much interested in the details of the American conflict as they were in some places further South. Neither fervid Northern nor fervid Southern partisans were ever numerous amongst you. I suppose there is no one in this country who would not rejoice to see the alliance between the United Kingdom and the United States of which many have talked and written since Mr. Chamberlain made his now famous speech; but it takes two to make an alliance. No doubt, in the Eastern part of North America, we have numerous friends, and amongst the more highly educated portion of the population friends as strong and as wise as we could possibly desire; but in the South and West, more especially in the Central West, I am afraid the state of feeling is very different. Let us hope that the better elements in the country may overcome the Jingoes. A really good understanding between the United States and

this country, to say nothing of an alliance, would go far to solving half the political problems of the planet.

The Session of 1862 did little in the way of adding important measures to the Statute Book; but it is a very interesting one to look back upon, on account of the number of subjects reviewed during its course, the discussion on which prepared the mind of the country for changes that had to come. A debate about the duel between the two American monsters the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, marked the first swell of that great wave of opinion which has made the vessels we were so proud of, when the fleet sailed from Spithead in 1854, as obsolete, for all practical purposes, as the galleys which fought at Actium. A debate about military expenditure in the Colonies helped on the salutary change which came about a few years later, when they were called upon to take a greater share in their own defence. There was an exceedingly brilliant tournament over the affairs of Italy, in which the enemies of that country, who had brought it on, were scattered and overthrown, and which was illustrated by one of the best speeches I ever heard Mr. Gladstone deliver. Mr. Horsfall, then member for Liverpool, brought forward a resolution of the greatest possible importance on the subject of belligerent rights at sea, a subject about which the next century will assuredly hear a good deal. The Abolition of Purchase in the Army was helped on by a speech from Lord Stanley. Altogether

we may say of it what Mill said of Coleridge and of Bentham: "It was a Seminal Session—'It taught the teachers.'"

The general character of the Session of 1863 was similar to that of its predecessor, but with this difference, that the questions which were most discussed related chiefly to religious liberty. The same Liberal influences, which were beginning to affect public opinion so powerfully outside, penetrated to the House of Commons, rather more quickly than such influences sometimes do, when powerful interests and prejudices are banded together against enlightenment. The proposal, for instance, to get rid of some of the silly tests which hampered the English Universities was freely discussed, and a controversy commenced, which, after raging for seven years, was at last settled finally and conclusively in favour of common sense. Then the worst of all Irish abuses, the iniquity of the State Church, was, for the first time for many years, made a subject of sharp animadversion. I remember Sir Thomas Erskine May, a very able man, and one of the keenest observers of the course of English politics, saying to me, after I had made an attack upon that Institution: "You will win, but it will take you twenty years." The destinies were kinder to us than he hoped. It took us only six years to win.

These were only two out of a number of subjects of the kind which were debated. At the time I regretted very

much that the Government was not prepared to do more in the direction in which I wished to move, and chafed not a little when Sir George Cornewall Lewis, for whom I had a very great veneration, and who sympathised in some respects, as I was aware, with the views of us younger men, said to me shortly before his death: "What can you expect us to do as a Government? Public opinion is not at present in favour of these changes, and we could effect nothing." More than a generation has passed since, and I now see that he was right and that the impatience of "us youth" was wrong, though in the highest degree natural. Many opinions, which in 1863 were held by the great majority to be pestilent heresies, are now so generally received that, if one has occasion to state them, one is accused of dispensing commonplaces and platitudes! That is the way Humanity moves forward. The great Spanish orator, Castelar, was well inspired when he said, apostrophising Queen Christina:—

"Ah, Madam! it is thus that History advances! The men who were yesterday great hopes are to-morrow hardly recollections; the world goes on devouring in its feverish activity idols, crowns, dynasties."

One of the subjects which interested us most in 1864 was the question whether this country should or should not take part with Denmark against Germany. An accident had made me give some attention sixteen years before to the controversy which brought these two Powers into collision,

first in 1848 and again in the year of which I am speaking, and I had no doubt from the outset as to the line I ought to take. I spoke on the opening night of the Session, and thanked my kind friend, the then Speaker, Mr. Evelyn Denison, for allowing me to be the first to break a lance on the unpopular side.

Lord Palmerston's curious superstition, which was shared by a large number of members of the House of Commons, that Germany was a land chiefly inhabited by "nebulous professors," brought us very near the verge of a great and calamitous folly, while the Danes had a good right to complain of the half-comfort and half-support from England, which helped to make them engage in a contest in which (if they had fully grasped the fact that they would stand alone) they might perhaps not have engaged at all.

It is pleasant to think that, since the conclusion of that struggle, the Danish people, as a whole, in spite of the mischief-making efforts of a turbulent minority, has shown so much good sense. Count Heydebrand-Lasa, who visited me at Madras, the first envoy sent by the victors to Copenhagen after the war was over, told me that nothing could exceed the courtesy and good taste with which he was received by the upper classes, and that, although it was not quite the same with the rest of the population, still that on the whole everybody behaved very well. I do not think there is any country in Europe in which so much has been

done by the Government in recent years to call out the energies of the nation, more especially in the rural districts. That is why many Danish agricultural products can be sold cheaper than our own in our home markets.

It should be remembered that on the last Palmerston Government fell the onerous duty of working out the legislation which had to be carried through before the system inaugurated by the Act placing India under the direct government of the Crown could be made effective. This was done under the superintendence of Sir Charles Wood, who was aided by two excellent lieutenants, the present Lord Northbrook, who was his political, and Mr. Herman Merivale, who was his permanent Under Secretary. We all know and admire the first, who is still with us; but Mr. Herman Merivale, who was one of the ablest men of his generation, was very little known outside the most intelligent coteries of London Society. Sir Charles Wood, not successful as an expositor, was an exceedingly able head of an office, and thoroughly deserved the peerage which he later obtained. It should further not be forgotten, to the credit of the Palmerston Government, that it set on foot several reforms, which developed later into considerable proportions. In two of these, belonging to the year 1861, I took a very special interest. The first of them was the appointment of a Commission to enquire into the management of the principal public schools, all of

which wanted a great deal of looking into. Very considerable and very beneficent changes have been made since, though there is still a great deal to be done; but that Commission was the beginning of them all.

The second was the appointment of a Select Committee to enquire into the Diplomatic Service. That, too, was a commencement of most salutary change; but in those days some influences, utterly unlike those of the present, held sway at the Foreign Office, and it required the appointment of yet another Committee in the next decade, of which, being at the time in charge of Indian affairs in the House of Commons, I was not a member, to do what was necessary. It was before that last Committee that Odo Russell, later Lord Ampthill, who, of all the English Diplomatists I have known, came nearest to my ideal of what the perfect English Diplomatist should be, said the wisest things that have been said, in our times, about the profession which he so much adorned. I have always, as you know, attached the greatest possible importance to our having a *first-rate* Diplomatic Service, no less than an *incomparable Navy* and an *adequate Army*. I see and rejoice in the great improvement that has taken place, of late years, in that branch of our national affairs. Men enter it much better prepared, and although something remains to be effected, much of it will be effected by the mere efflux of time. Few things have pleased me more

than that when I had left Parliament and was starting for India, Lord Odo Russell came to the farewell dinner my friends gave me, intimating that he did so, not only on private grounds, but because he wished to mark his recognition of the very strong interest in, and regard for, the Diplomatic Service I had shown during the whole of my service as your member.

The Parliament of 1859 was not specially memorable—still, it did what the bulk of its constituents wanted. It supported the liberation of Italy as strongly as it knew how. It prevented us taking sides with the South in the American Civil War. It prevented our becoming involved too deeply either in the Polish or the Schleswig-Holstein troubles. It saw us through a very difficult and stormy time without landing us in any disaster. Its presiding genius died in a good old age soon after it had gone over to the majority. He would have been eminently unsuited for the years that were to follow, but he was perfectly suited for those in which its lot was cast.

Palmerston left little or no mark upon our internal politics. It is as a Foreign Minister that he must be judged. In that capacity he was undoubtedly animated by excellent motives, pursued some wise objects, and was especially to be commended as well for his courage as for the chivalrous way in which he stood by his subordinates, even when they had erred in carrying into effect what they

believed to be his wishes. He had a strong belief in parliamentary Government as the least bad system under which nations, at the particular stage of development which Europe had reached in his day, could be managed; but his devotion to that idea was all too absolute. He "meddled and made" much more than an English Minister should, and he was extremely ill-informed upon some matters about which it was his duty to know a great deal, the state of Germany for instance. His dislike and distrust of the Emperor Nicholas led to the first of our insensate wars in Afghanistan, and his violent opposition to the Suez Canal was another grave blot upon his statesmanship. Nevertheless, every one to whom the destinies of this country were confided would be the better for some infusion of his *Civis Romanus* temper. It is easy to have too much of it, for foolish Jingoes swarm in every street; but it is also easy to have too little.

He knew well sometimes also how to give way when it was wise to do so, as he showed when he brought in the Conspiracy Bill. We have been seldom nearer war with France, since 1815, than we were immediately after his Government was defeated upon that measure in February 1858, and we were not then in anything like so strong a position with regard to national defence as we are now.

Only a few months before him there passed away a man

who was at the opposite pole of opinion. If you could have taken all that was best in each of them and combined it, you would have had an almost perfect specimen of the best kind of English Statesman. By the union of Cobden's wide-reaching general views with Palmerston's immense knowledge of the actual facts of European relations, nearly all their respective errors and deficiencies would have been corrected. Palmerston had next to no principles. Cobden, the first great "international man," was terribly ignorant of the countless ins and outs, the jealousies, the fears, the crazes, the interests, the loves and the hatreds which are omnipotent in deciding whether a particular course, however much recommended by right reason, is possible or impossible. He was, nevertheless, a very wise and a very great man. Perhaps the gravest of his intellectual defects was his tendency to look too far ahead, to fix his eyes upon a distant future, and to ignore too much the conditions of the world which immediately surrounded him. Speaking to you in the year 1862, I said in addressing you with reference to a parliamentary duel between him and Lord Palmerston:—

"Towards the end of the Session there were several sharp passages of arms between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Cobden, and on the 1st of August, in a very thin House, they engaged in a regular single combat. There they stood, unreconciled and irreconcilable, the representatives of two widely different epochs, and of two widely different types of English life. The

one trained in the elegant but superficial culture which was usual amongst the young men of his position in life at the beginning of this century, full of pluck, full of intelligence, but disinclined, alike by the character of his mind and by the habits of official life, from indulging in political speculation, or pursuing long trains of thought, yet yielding to no man in application, in the quickness of his judgment, in knowledge of a Statesman's business, and in the power of enlisting the support of what has been so truly called 'that floating mass which in all countries and in all times has always decided all questions.' The other derived from nature finer powers of mind, but many years passed away before he could employ his great abilities in a field sufficiently wide for them, and he has never had the official training which is perhaps absolutely necessary to turn even the ablest politician into a Statesman. There he stood, an admirable representative of the best section of the class to which he belongs, full of large and philanthropic hopes and full of confidence in his power to realise them, yet wanting in pliability of mind, and deficient in that early and systematic culture which prevents a man becoming the slave of one idea."

I did not then fully understand the connection of Mr. Cobden's views. It was not till several years later that I came to comprehend them, thanks to conversations with the late Sir Louis Mallet, who was his right-hand man in the negotiations at Paris connected with the Commercial Treaty. I have no hesitation in saying that Sir Louis Mallet's exposition of his great master's ideas is far more valuable than any piece of writing which Mr. Cobden left behind him, and I would most strongly urge every one whom my words can reach and who cares for the wider

issues of politics, to read it in the form in which it has been published by the Cobden Club and re-published by its author's son, himself a man of high promise, Mr. Bernard Mallet.

Sir Louis Mallet's paper, *The Political Opinions of Richard Cobden*, did the same sort of service to him that Dumont did to Bentham. Heaven help any man who attempts to read the great Jeremy in the English original; but in the lucid French of his quasi-translator he becomes at once thoroughly intelligible.

It is quite the right thing nowadays to sneer at Cobden and the Manchester School, whatever exactly that very loose phrase may mean; but the truth is that Cobden's views have had much more effect upon the views of many of the public writers who run him down than they are at all aware of. For some years back both our political parties have, *when in power*, usually followed, in all that relates to foreign affairs, very much the course which Cobden would have approved. Much folly has been talked by irresponsible persons about intervening here or intervening there; but the conduct of successive Governments has been wise. They have dropped the lecturing tone in addressing civilised foreign States. They have ceased, to a considerable extent, to identify British interests with old-world systems of policy, and have kept their attention as much fixed, as the foolishness of some of

their supporters would allow them, upon near and obvious, as distinguished from remote and doubtful, national objects. This has been the case even in Africa, for (although I personally have the greatest doubt as to whether some of the acquisitions which now occupy so much of the time of our Foreign Office at home as well as of our Embassies at Berlin and Paris, are likely to bring us any advantages commensurate with the trouble which we bestow on them) it is the absence of a disposition on the part of other countries to meet us half-way which has prevented the general acceptance of the maxim that national inter-dependence, not independence, should be the aim of all wise Statesmen. If there ever appeared any effective desire on the part of either France, Germany, or the United States to arrive at a cordial understanding with us, there would be no want of disposition on this side to meet them more than half-way; but these three countries are all cursed with Protection, and the first two with Militarism into the bargain. These things are the absolute negation of every sane maxim of foreign policy.

It is no blame either to us or to Mr. Cobden that we cannot in Foreign affairs carry his maxims into effect. You may bring your horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink; and until saner ideas have their perfect work in Paris, Berlin and Washington, we must, stupid and barbarous as it is, think only too much about the necessity

of meeting force by force. Happily we have now an *incomparable Navy*, and are far on the road to have an *adequate Army*.

There is one country in our relations with which our people, and, I fear, some members of our Government, have a good deal to learn—I mean Russia. All through our political connection I urged the expediency of having a better understanding with that country. As far back as 1866 I said in my *Studies in European Politics*: "To me it seems that the Governments of England and of Russia, if directed by wise counsels, ought not to be rivals, but a support each to each in Asia." I returned to the subject when I addressed you at Peterhead in December 1867, while, in 1868, I again put forward the same opinions, in my *Political Survey*, which was dedicated to you.

In it I said, amongst other things: "But there is another way of looking at the whole matter. Is it quite so sure that Russia must be always hostile to this country? Is it not possible that there may come a time when we shall understand each other in Asia and strengthen each other's hands?" I have never been able to see, and I do not see now, why this should be impossible. For twenty years, since our own rulers allowed Sir Henry Rawlinson, the best of servants, to become the worst of masters at the India Office, we have, from an exaggerated fear of Russia, been playing into her hands by advancing into

regions far removed from our true base—the sea, and in which she must, thanks to her geographical position, increase in strength far more rapidly than we. It looks as if we were going to commit over again the very same mistake in China. No power that we can exert can by any possibility prevent Russia sooner or later doing what she pleases in the northern part of that country. Northern China will be Russian to all intents and purposes one of these days, unless some marvellous revolution takes place among the Celestials, and that day will come, not in my time, but assuredly in the time of many who are now inhabitants of this City. We had much better make up our minds to it and, thinking of Wei-ha-Wei as of quite secondary importance, concentrate our strength upon other parts of the country infinitely more valuable to us; above all upon the neighbourhood of Hong-Kong and the course of the Yangtse. In 1869 I remarked to you that the long valley of Assam points like a finger towards China, and that sooner or later a line of communication would be completed between India and Shanghai. This I said and say, although perfectly aware of the immense difficulties which will have to be encountered among the great mountains on our extreme North-Eastern Frontier. Circumstances in the last few years have planed away many of the difficulties which prevented our coming to an understanding with

Russia in the nearer East, and I think that nothing is wanting to bring our two countries closer to each other save the lack of knowledge. "All battle," said Carlyle, "is misunderstanding," and certainly much of it is. Ever since Russia ceased, with the Emperor Nicholas, to assert a quasi-suzerainty over Continental Europe, no real interests on either side have kept us asunder. I think that it would be well if all young Members of Parliament could be forced to visit Russia. Moscow is a great eye-opener. There are few things for which I am more grateful than for having gone thither in 1863.

To return, however, to the sequence of events—from which I advisedly diverged to speak of some matters of present political but not of party interest—it was in the nature of things that Lord Russell should succeed Lord Palmerston, and equally in the nature of things that his Cabinet should bring in a Reform Bill.

Looking back at the events of 1866, I find nothing to change in the opinions which I laid before you on October 3rd in that year. The whole business connected with the Reform Bill was piteously mismanaged. The Government acted unwisely in bringing in a Reform Bill at all in the first year of a new Parliament, and its two principal members gave the impression—perhaps quite an erroneous one—that they were thinking more, Lord Russell of his past, and Mr. Gladstone of his future, than of what was

really best for the country at that precise moment. Foolish, however, as was the action of the Government, it was surpassed by the pure idiocy of that section of its party which became known by the nickname of the Adullamites. The measure of the Government, though launched inopportunely, was quite harmless, and would have settled the question for, perhaps, half a generation; but the defeat of the Bill raised up a very unpleasant agitation, and, after an amount of skirmishing and counter-skirmishing in the Session of 1867, led to changes which would have come much better rather later. That, however, was past praying for when once Mr. Lowe and those who followed him had done their mischievous work. It was clear then that it would be necessary to go a great deal further than Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone had proposed to go; and so we did, but I am sure the immense majority on both sides agreed with me when, speaking on the Scotch Reform Bill of 1868, I said that every one had been conjugating: "I don't want, you don't want, he does not want to do it."

In the midst of the rather dreary skirmishing about the ins and outs of the Reform Bill, there passed into law a measure for the confederation of most of our Colonies in North America into the Dominion of Canada. It is quite possible that the Act which brought that about may, in after times, be considered one of the most important

things which happened during the Conservative interregnum from 1866 to 1868, but as it had no bearing upon the state of parties, and as men's minds were then much occupied by party differences, it did not attract as much attention as the momentous consequences, which may ultimately result from it, might have entitled it to do. People in Great Britain, who cared for politics at all, were thinking for the most part either about the impending extension of the franchise and the spread of the Fenian conspiracy in Ireland, or were occupied with the immense and fateful events which were either acted on or closely concerned the Continent of Europe. To these three years, you will remember, belonged the Seven Weeks' War and the earth-shaking Battle of Königgrätz, the resurrection of Hungary, the departure from and return of the French to Rome, the tragic end of the Emperor Maximilian, and much else that was calculated to excite the imagination and stimulate the thought of all who thought about public affairs. Moral and political earthquakes followed so rapidly upon each other that the framing of a Constitution, which could only, under the most favourable circumstances, lead to great results after a good many years had passed away, had little in it to arrest or concentrate observation. The three Sessions of 1866, 1867, 1868 must be thought of as a sort of hyphen between the old time and the new. The new came with the advent to power of Mr. Gladstone

towards the end of the last-named year. Hitherto that eminent man had made his mark chiefly as a great financial reformer, and I suppose, a hundred years hence, his fiscal legislation and the marvellous speeches which accompanied it will be considered his most enduring claim to a high and honoured niche in the history of the Victorian age. Of all the speeches I heard him deliver I should be inclined to give the first place to one on the Taxation of Charities, belonging to the year 1863, and really touching the highwater mark which expository eloquence could reach. But as Prime Minister in his first Administration he also accomplished an immense amount of useful work. The Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Irish Church, the Abolition of Purchase in the Army, together with the re-creation of our military force by the Cardwellian reforms, and the laying broad and deep the foundation of elementary education through the whole of Great Britain, were splendid achievements, achievements which by no means stood alone. The one fault of that Government, as I did not see then but do see now, was that it did too much; not too much for men who looked at politics from the Liberal point of view, but for the men who being neither Liberals nor Conservatives, and caring very little about politics at all, are really omnipotent in politics, because by lazily inclining to one side or the other at election times they just make

the whole difference. For that class Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues from 1868 went too fast, and suffered accordingly; not that they could have done otherwise, for if they had not gone as far and as fast as they did they would have lost the support of the men who could be depended upon to work hardest for them, and as a matter of fact they did lose the support of a good many of that class, especially amongst the English Nonconformists, by not going further than they did.

The Cabinet was in no way to blame for the loss of the driving-power behind it which it sustained before it had completed its fifth year of office; but it was to blame for allowing its chief to surprise it into a great tactical mistake at the commencement of its sixth year of office.

The dissolution of 1874 was a very unwise proceeding. Like most members of the Liberal Party, I supposed at the time that the Prime Minister had taken the necessary steps to ascertain the probabilities of the struggle to which he committed us, and was not a little surprised when I found he had been so woefully mistaken. When the memoirs of that period are published I presume their readers will know, more accurately than I, at least, do now, on what his calculations were founded, or whether there were any calculations properly so-called at all. I mentioned when speaking at Banff, ten years ago, a curious circumstance, which is worth repeating :—

"The first time I chanced to come across the late Lord Iddesleigh, then Sir Stafford Northcote, after the Liberal overturn of 1874, I said to him: 'Well, here is a pretty change since we last met, and I hear you were one of the few who foresaw it.' 'Oh no!' he replied. 'I did not foresee it. I thought that if you went on to the end of the Session and then dissolved, we should have a majority, but I never dreamt of anything in the least like this. Although I did not, however, Disraeli did. On Friday, the 23rd January, he was coming up by the Great Western Railway to attend a meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum next day, when a man I know and who knew him, got into the carriage. In the course of conversation my friend said: "Well, what do you think of the future?" "I am sure I don't know," answered Disraeli, "it all looks very dark. If I were the Prime Minister I would bring in the quietest set of measures I could, dissolve at the end of the Session, and take my chance; but he is such a strange man that for all I know he may dissolve to-morrow, and if he does he will smash his party to pieces."' That is, as we know, precisely what he did."

Whatever may be the explanation of this wild *coup d'état* its results were most pitiable.[1] The Liberal Party came back to Westminster so weak that for six years it could exercise hardly any direct influence on public affairs. The "Dog's Nose Parliament," as it was wittily called, from the influence in its composition of the Liquor interest, was one of the least good we have had in modern

[1] May we hope that Mr. Morley's Life of Mr. Gladstone may do something to clear away the doubts raised by the late Lord Selborne's revelations?

times. The years of its pilgrimage were weary, though, alas! not few, and the only real interest which they brought to reasonable people, over and above the interest which we all feel when there is a question whether we are going to be upset or not by a coachman, was the contemplation of the works and ways of that coachman.

The Parliament of 1874 was even more completely that of Mr. Disraeli than its predecessor was that of his illustrious rival. It was his stepping-stone to the position which he occupied in the eyes of so many when he returned from Berlin and borrowed, to apply to his own achievements, the phrase which Burke used with reference to a very different transaction, "Peace with Honour." "Yes," said some one, "a Peace which passeth all understanding, and such Honour as is found among——" Well! I won't finish the quotation. Few, I suppose, who sat in it remember with any pleasure the 21st Imperial Parliament, defiled as it was by obstruction and other evil things, except in so far as it gave to Mr. Disraeli a fair field and much favour. He began his work as Prime Minister very quietly, passing round the word to his colleagues: "Do anything you like, provided you do not get us into a scrape." For some time they acted on this hint. Some harmless Bills, enabling and permitting this or that, were brought in and passed. I do not remember anything blameworthy being done, save the carrying through

Parliament of the Public Worship Regulation Bill, which was not technically, though it was substantially, a Government measure. It was intended to enable one set of enthusiasts in the English Establishment to cut the throats of another set which was supposed to be weak enough to make that possible. I thought at the time that it would do more mischief than it actually did, though whatever it did do was mischief. Happily it soon became a dead letter, and little is now heard of it. Ere long, however, circumstances occurred in the East of Europe which attracted first the attention, then the sympathies of the country, and an attempt was soon made by a section of the Liberal Party, as I thought very injudiciously, to turn this sympathy to political account in a sense hostile to the Government. The result was that Mr. Disraeli was led to take a more antagonistic attitude towards the Christian races of the Balkan peninsula than was at all prudent. That false step again led him to play up to the foolish suspicion of Russia which lay deep in the English mind, thanks to Lord Palmerston, and many others, some his friends, and some, like Mr. Urquhart, his bitter foes. Once started on this course, the Prime Minister threw over all the patience and all the prudence which had distinguished him during the earlier part of his Government, fell back on the dreams of his youth, and was once more the Disraeli of *Tancred*.

I am not using a metaphorical but a perfectly accurate expression, for not only did I show at the time[1] that all that was distinctive in his Foreign policy, during those years, is to be found in that very bright and agreeable novel, but he himself avowed to a friend of mine that he was reading it "not for amusement but for instruction." The strange thing is not that large numbers of unthinking people, who like the excitement of being on the verge of war, applauded to the echo all the fanfaronade which drove some of his best colleagues from the Cabinet, but that there are still hundreds of thousands, especially in England, who think of its author as a great master of Foreign affairs.

I was coming up from the country to London on the 19th of April last when my attention was arrested by a large crowd close to Westminster Abbey. Presently I saw that it surrounded the statue of Lord Beaconsfield, and that the whole of the pedestal was covered with primroses. How strange are the alternations in the estimates of public men. I well recollect a time, some thirty years since, when Lord Beaconsfield was far more unpopular with his own followers than he was with us. We looked at him with some kindness and a sort of amused wonder, always saying to ourselves, "What will he do next?" Those were the days when a well-known Conservative member closed a discussion with some Liberals about the respective merits of their leaders by

[1] *Foreign Policy*. Macmillan & Co., London, 1880.

the characteristic words: "Well, well, I prefer our scoundrel to your lunatic." The simple souls who bring primroses to his statue imagine that he was a great and serious Imperialist statesman; yet no competent person, I suppose, would now deny that nearly every really important step which he took in Foreign affairs was a huge blunder. Does any living creature, not in an asylum or deserving to be sent thither, think that he did wisely in doing his best to commit us to the defence of the Asiatic provinces of Turkey against Russia? Does any one think that he did wisely in saddling us with Cyprus, or in getting us into the Afghan War, which cost some twenty millions, effected nothing worth effecting at all, and has left a legacy of mischief of which we are far indeed from having seen the end.

All that we have done since we departed from the wise policy of Lord Lawrence on the North-West Frontier has been a mistake. Some of the steps on the downward road have been made inevitable by previous steps. That I do not deny, but the whole policy from the first has been radically unsound. One of its many bad effects has been the recent war, which has certainly not redounded to the credit of our statesmen, although it has brought deserved honour to many officers and privates, not least to our native auxiliaries. The meaning of the whole series of disastrous blunders which have been made since, twenty years ago, in

defiance of all the best opinions, we advanced to Quetta, is simply this, that the soldiers at Simla captured the civilians, and made more than one Viceroy the prey of their bow and of their spear. I cannot blame the soldiers: they looked at the matter from a purely professional point of view. Lawyers, clergymen, doctors, all look primarily, and must look primarily, at matters from a professional point of view; but I do blame the Viceroys, who had no such excuse. You will often hear it said that a wave of Mussulman fanaticism was the cause of the recent complications which have lost us so much blood and treasure. It was not without its effect. Those who have lost relatives and friends may thank the Greeks and their folly for a good deal. If they had not rushed into a war without the slightest shadow of excuse, and allowed the Mussulman to believe that he was once more going to defeat the Christian, we should have been spared much trouble; but, if our own fatuous "forward policy" had not teased and excited the tribes, the fanatics would not have had material on which to work.

How could any one, who knew the facts, imagine that Lord Beaconsfield could be a good authority on Foreign Affairs? There is no mystery about Foreign Affairs, and no great amount of genius required to manage them well; but two things are necessary, in the first place a level head, and in the second, a great knowledge of facts. A man may have a very brilliant genius and yet manage a shipping

business or railway business, or any other business abominably, if he has not taken the trouble to obtain an acquaintance with its details. Now, the most brilliant man who ever lived could not obtain an acquaintance with Foreign Affairs without spending a great deal of his time abroad. This Lord Beaconsfield never did. He travelled a little, as a young man, but then for years and years he gave himself up to quite different pursuits. He knew nothing whatever about the materials with which he had to work when he was dealing with Foreign questions. Lord Salisbury, who became his Foreign Minister when Lord Derby left the Cabinet, knew more than his chief, but for many years after he entered Parliament he showed a quite inconceivable skill, as I remember once pointing out to you, in taking exactly the opposite side from that on which Destiny eventually ranged itself. During the last few years he seems to be quite a changed man. I can trace no difference worth speaking of between his Foreign policy nowadays and the Foreign policy which finds favour with those who have given most attention to it amongst his opponents, unless, perhaps, that he has, if I rightly understand some of his recent utterances with regard to Eastern Europe, swayed a little more to the side opposed to traditional ideas than I should quite approve.

The Crimean War occurred, as you know, before you sent me to Parliament, so I had no responsibility even for a

single vote in connection with it. I am, however, by no means prepared to admit the doctrine that it was a mistake from beginning to end. What I do think is that if we were to set Turkey on her legs again, as we did, it was most assuredly our duty to see that she reformed thoroughly her system of Government. That was what was wished by some to whom all the circumstances were familiar, by the late Lord Strangford for instance; but it was not done, and we all know what troubles its not having been done has brought upon the world. Again, the state of things which we see in Germany, Austria, and Italy is not that which Liberals at one time hoped for; but it is at least very much better than what we saw when, just before the Crimean War, the Reaction was triumphing all along the line from the shores of the Baltic to the Sicilian Sea. I am not an enemy—I am, as you know, a friend of Russia, but not of Russia bolstering up, as she did before the Crimean War, all that was most evil in Continental Europe. Few people now remember the words in the Emperor Nicholas's proclamation when his Armies entered Hungary in 1849: "God is with us. Hear ye people and be conquered, for God is with us." That might be taken as the motto of his whole European policy till his heart broke in the great ruin of 1855. This proclamation and the policy which it represented was the explanation of the feeling of most Liberals throughout Europe about the Crimean War.

The most successful thing that the Beaconsfield Government did with reference to its Eastern policy was the purchase of the Suez shares. I did not approve of it at the time, and I said so. Even now it seems to me to have made a very bad precedent. It would be unfair, however, not to admit that it has been a great financial success, and the Minister who effected it deserves whatever credit is to be got from that fact.

I daresay the time will come when we shall know how far Lord Beaconsfield had any special devotion to the primrose, which certainly to most people seems curiously unlike the sort of thing he usually admired. A distinguished botanist, however, has lately discovered that the primrose, which we have been accustomed to think a singularly modest and retiring plant, has really a very different character. There is a small district of England which is the only part of our Island in which the true oxlip grows. It consists of a little ring of territory, where Essex, Suffolk, Herts, and Cambridge meet. The distinguished botanist to whom I have alluded, and who is *the* great authority on the oxlip, believes that the masterful and intriguing primrose has driven the oxlip from all its other haunts in this country, and that it is making a last stand there. I express no opinion upon this very interesting theory, but, when I met with it, it seemed to throw a new light upon the relations of Lord Beaconsfield to a flower

which has become so closely connected with his name, that when I was walking one day with his former colleague, the last Lord Derby, at the foot of Primrose Hill, in London, he said to me: "It's God's mercy that they haven't re-christened it Mount Beaconsfield."

And yet man is such a foolish creature that all this nonsense about Lord Beaconsfield and the primrose, leading as it did to the creation of a fantastic but powerful political organisation, has had a good side. South of the Tweed it has in many places brought different classes of Society together in a quite new way. Young England has grown old with the Duke of Rutland, who in his early days was its most typical personage, and played under the name of Henry Sidney a part in the first of the three novels which did so much to make Mr. Disraeli's fame in the Forties. In the work of the Primrose League, however, a good many of the aspirations of Young England have met their fulfilment, and what were considered the dreams of a few young men have been realised, while their best representative still lives amidst general regard and respect. Lord Beaconsfield's reputation, considered with reference to his action in Foreign Affairs, will assuredly not stand high with posterity, but he had very considerable influence, not directly, but indirectly, in our internal affairs. You may search the Statute Book in vain to find measures which those who are not misled by the mere show of things would ever dream of attributing to

his initiative. His abiding influence in our internal affairs came through his books.

Unlike his great opponent, whose extraordinary grasp of details was one of his most marked characteristics, Mr. Disraeli never knew, or cared to know, more than was actually necessary for the moment about even the most important Bills. When the great Reform Measure of 1867 was going through the House, he got up, from day to day, just as much as he thought would be overtaken during the next sitting. He had a great master to instruct him, and generally learnt his lesson sufficiently well. On one occasion, however, he was asked a question to which he gave a fluent reply. When he had sat down he said to Sir John Karslake, who was next him on the Treasury bench, "I suppose that's all right." Karslake was obliged to explain that it was all wrong, whereon he consigned his Mentor to the infernal gods, adding, "I said exactly the words he told me." I need not say that he was quite mistaken: the admirable and most accurate public servant, to whom he referred, was entirely blameless.

No, it is not by anything which he effected through his direct action, either at home or abroad, that Lord Beaconsfield will survive. It is, as I said, by his books. I think he will live much longer as a writer than he will as a statesman. *Sybil* more especially is a very memorable performance. Mr. Disraeli possessed, when he wrote it, a good

deal of information not then the property of the public, communicated to him, I believe, chiefly by Mr. Duncombe, which enabled him to give a too true picture of some of the phases of English life at that period. This gives it a peculiar value, apart from its very great merit in other respects. It is exceedingly funny to hear Lord Beaconsfield talked of at Primrose League meetings as an Imperialist Statesman, in the sense of a statesman who had a great interest in the Empire as a whole. About India, which is surely an important portion of our Empire, he knew next to nothing; while about the Colonies he knew next to nothing, and cared even less. He was an Imperialist in the sense of liking to play and to make this country play a great and noisy part on the European stage, but in no other.

Still, with all his faults, he was a very interesting man, the most interesting man probably who has taken an active part in the English politics of our time—in this sense, that he kept the attention both of friends and foes on the stretch more than any one else. His patience was colossal, and not less colossal was his confidence in himself. When he had hardly put his foot on the first step of the political ladder he replied to Lord Melbourne, who asked him, What were his aspirations? "To be Prime Minister of England, my Lord." Hardly less admirable, in its way, was the perfect frankness with which he avowed his utter want of political principle—not as being unfaithful to any

higher light, but as one who had come to the deliberate conclusion that principle in politics was out of place, as much out of place as it would be in a game of chess. No one, I think, who watched him, as I did very closely for more than twenty years, could avoid having a certain regard for him, or hear without great sympathy that when the character of the elections of 1880 became clear, he had said to a young man belonging to his own party who was driving him from a country-house to the station, "I daresay all this is to you a rather agreeable excitement; to me it is the end of all things!"

Very touching is the account of a visit to Hughenden, a few months later, given in the last pages of Lord Ronald Gower's very agreeable *Reminiscences*. Lord Ronald describes the old man, sitting before the fire, talking about long dead friends, and murmuring as a conclusion to the whole matter, "Dreams, dreams, dreams!"

It was high time, however, that the crushing defeat of 1880 should come. A keen observer had said some time before it came: "Lord Beaconsfield has taken John Bull to Cremorne, and the old fellow rather likes it; but there will be a morrow to the debauch!" That there was, with a vengeance! Mr. Gladstone returned to office with a tremendous majority behind him, and for a moment it looked as if he was going to be as powerful as he was twelve years before; but the conditions were very unlike those of 1868.

Then there was a great arrear of Legislation about which the Liberal Party cared, and cared much. In 1880 there was a good deal that wanted being done, but very little on which the Liberal Party had set its heart. It was willing enough to give Mr. Gladstone a free hand about Ireland and various other matters, but it would have supported him nearly as well if he had adopted, with regard to most of them, a policy essentially different.

I was myself sent to the Colonial Office, which I found a most deeply interesting department, and my time in which I look back to with the keenest pleasure. Like the vast majority of the public, I knew nothing about its mechanism until I became connected with it, and was surprised to find that far from being, as some usually well-informed persons supposed it, behind the times, and inefficient, it was indeed very much the reverse, well-equipped, and well-manned.

It is the fashion of the day to talk a great deal about our Colonies. They fill a far larger space in our thoughts than they used to do. That is quite right. When people talk, however, of the great direct assistance we may derive from them, I am not sure that they are not cheating themselves with false hopes. If I saw them anxious to move far and fast in the direction of Free Trade or anxious to co-operate with us, at all in proportion to their means, for their own defence, I should be more hopeful about

our future relations. Whatever these may ultimately be, at least we can congratulate ourselves that, since transportation was put an end to, the influence of this country upon their destinies has been wholly good, and that many agencies of civilisation are working amongst them with increased strength from year to year.

Two foolish words have been creeping of late into the language, and are to be found in the columns of even important journals. They are Big-Englanders and Little-Englanders. Now, no sensible man is either one or the other; but all sensible men are Strong-Englanders; in other words they wish the United Kingdom to retain the high place it has long had amongst the nations of the world, and to improve, if possible, its position relatively to that of others; but how this should be done is a question open to much debate. Sometimes it should be done by extension of territory and the assuming of new responsibilities, sometimes it should be done by a diminution of responsibilities; and an abandonment of territory. Every separate proposal should be carefully studied on its own merits, and no general rule can be applied. Of late we have been expanding our territory very rapidly. In the year 1880, being then at the Colonial Office, I used the following expressions in making a speech to you at Peterhead:—

"Let me try to bring home to you in a few sentences the size of our Empire. British India is, you know, as big as England,

France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Turkey, and, to cut a long story short, nearly the whole of Continental Europe put together, without Russia. Well, but British India is about the size of the single Colony of Western Australia, and the Australian island continent, every inch of which is ours, is about three times as big as Western Australia, and if you take up the whole of that huge island continent and put it down on the top of the Dominion of Canada, to which have been added, since we came into office, all the North American Dominions of the Crown which did not already belong to it, except Newfoundland, it could stand, colossal as it is, like a cup upon a saucer. And, after you have put aside the Dominion of Canada and the five gigantic colonies which make up Australia, you have still some forty colonies over and above, ranging from mere specks, like Heligoland, which would make a moderate gentleman's park, through places like many of the West India islands, which are about the size of a good nobleman's estate, up to New Zealand, which is somewhat bigger than the British Isles, and South Africa, on which you might drop New Zealands about and yet have plenty of room to spare. But great as is the variety of size, still greater is the variety of the material conditions of life, from the cold of the Arctic and Antarctic regions to the heat of the Equator; from the immense unbroken mass of land through which the telegraph runs to Adelaide, to the shores of the almost innumerable islands belonging to this or that Colonial group, which are scattered about the globe; almost innumerable, I say, and the expression will not be thought exaggerated when I remind you that even Mauritius, which itself is smaller than Surrey, has satellite dependencies all over the Indian Ocean."

Since that date, however, though we have got rid of Heligoland, we have added to our dominions something

more than 2,000,000 square miles, or, in other words, we have increased them by more than twice the amount of that portion of the Indian Empire which was under the direct Government of the Queen in 1880. I do not say that it has been wise or unwise to do so. In some cases I am persuaded that it has been wise. My only point, however, is that such a rate of increase requires the thoughtful sustained attention of statesmen and a clear answer to the question: Is the proposed acquisition really likely to make for our advantage? In all such matters I think there is a great advantage in having a firm piece of writing—a piece of writing from which such words as "prestige," by which the cunning gull, the imbecile, should be rigorously excluded. I think that in 1882, to take a concrete example of an increase of responsibility, we were perfectly right in going to Egypt. The safety of the isthmus transit was in danger. We cannot tolerate anarchy on our Indian route, and we cannot allow barbarism to come too near that route. It must be perfectly safe, but as to all questions beyond that, I should like to hear every one of them discussed clearly and temperately from the point of view of the people of the United Kingdom. Do they stand on the whole to gain more or lose more by all the no doubt most admirable work we are doing in Egypt, by all which it seems likely we are going to do between Assouan and the Great Lakes, between the Great Lakes and the Indian Ocean?

So on the other side of the Continent! Are these acquisitions of territory in the Niger regions likely to advance our legitimate interests, and if so, how? I do not say they are not, but I do say that there is a great deal of loose argument and wild talking about them. We have been possessed for a long time of some of the most glorious tropical possessions on the face of the planet—the West India Islands. They are nearly all on the verge of bankruptcy. What reason is there to suppose that Continental tropical possessions, much less suited for occupation by a maritime power, and also inhabited by negroes, will be very valuable? I don't deny it, but like the Cornishmen in the ballad, "I would know the reason why."

As to the Irish policy, which occupied so much of the time of the Legislature during the Session of 1880, and its immediate successor, I will say nothing, wishing to keep far away from matters of present or recent party strife. I suppose that the Land Bill, which was passing through the House of Commons when I left it in the June of 1881, has not turned out a successful piece of legislation; but even after I had left Parliament, and was already in India, Mr. Gladstone's general Irish policy seemed to me to unite a due measure of firmness with an anxious endeavour to conciliate. One of the strongest of his speeches against Mr. Parnell was made in the autumn of 1881.

When I had once left England I soon found, although my friends kept me extremely well supplied with information, what a different thing it was to be close to the centre of affairs and to have to wait for three weeks before one could receive any details. It would have been idle to have attempted to do more, even if I had been less busy, than to have kept myself acquainted with the very broadest outlines of our parliamentary affairs, and I never dreamt of doing so. What struck me most was, I think, the extraordinary ill-luck which attended the Government. It seemed always to be, as I said at the time, playing dice with some evil power which invariably threw sixes. At length came its fall in the summer of 1885, and the election which followed, on which I cannot think that those who brought it about can look back with much satisfaction. Any errors or worse which they committed were, however, soon surpassed by what was, as I thought, one of the most astounding blunders ever made by a political leader, the fatal surrender, by which was broken up that Liberal Party which had for two generations been the instrument of such a vast amount of good.

Like many of my friends, I never hesitated for a moment. To have gone into an alliance with Mr. Parnell and his followers, whether right or wrong for others, would have meant for me the renunciation of all the sentiments and most of the opinions on which my political life had been

founded. To me, as to so many more, the resolution we then took has meant retirement from active politics and the breaking up of many old connections. It was a heavy price to pay, but it had to be paid! From being outside active politics, however, though I know far less than I used to do of what is passing, I am enabled perhaps to look with more impartiality at the doings of both parties than was possible while I was in the *mêlée*, and I think, on the whole, things are going pretty well. The party in power is, no doubt, too strong; we should be the better for having a larger and less divided Opposition. I should like to see the questions on which, as of old, I continue to take most interest—Foreign, Indian, and Colonial ones—more fully debated than they are at present.

I hear the Gladstonian leaders a good deal blamed for not having a distinctive policy; but I do not quite see how the party of change and movement can have much of a distinctive policy unless the country really wants large changes. But does it, and if so in what direction? All sensible people think the House of Lords might be much improved; but who has got a definite scheme for its improvement on which any considerable number of persons are agreed? There is a good deal of vague socialistic feeling about, less than there was a few years ago, yet a good deal; but that is a blind alley that leads nowhere, and many supporters of the Government are. I daresay,

quite as willing to blunder their way along it as are their opponents. The difficulties of getting any Bill through the House of Commons, unless there is a strong tide of public opinion running behind it, might well be allowed to excuse the chief persons of the Opposition for not attempting more.

Here is the kind of thing which the present system of unlimited chatter is always bringing about. A quarter of a century ago the Administration then in power entrusted to a lawyer of great ability the consolidation of all the criminal law of England into one single Bill. The work was admirably done. It was canvassed by first-rate and keen-eyed judges, appointed for the purpose, and was at length finally approved. There, however, it lies in some pigeon-hole of the Home Office, all the trouble and expense which went to its creation having been expended in vain. Its author afterwards became a judge, sat for many years on the Bench, retired on a pension, and is now dead.

The present paralysis is the *reductio ad absurdum* of parliamentary government, and can only give satisfaction to those who think we have arrived at a perfect state, which is, alas! very far indeed from being the case. There is plenty to be done, outside all questions that divide parties, if only the instrument for doing it were not so terribly clumsy—a public meeting of nearly 700

members, varying in composition from minute to minute, checked at distant intervals by another even more anomalous than itself—is *that* the last word of human wisdom applied to politics?

Alike among the Ministerialists and the Members of the Opposition there is abundance of ability and patriotism. Things would be simpler if only the latter could disengage themselves from their disastrous associations, burying them in the grave of the gifted man whom they and we have lately lost, and over whom so much deserved and so much undeserved panegyric has been poured forth.

Things, I said, are going pretty well, not ideally well. I should not put the present Government on a level with Mr. Gladstone's first, but I think I should put it above his second; and I am not a prejudiced witness, for I was a member of both, and in former days, as I have reminded you, I disagreed about as much as possible with the present Prime Minister. I think, however, he has learnt a great deal in a life which has been one of strenuous effort continued through nearly seventy years, and he has amongst his colleagues some men of conspicuous ability, who look at affairs through spectacles very different from his, including two, Lord James of Hereford and the Duke of Devonshire, with whom I almost invariably agreed, while we were in the House of Commons together. As long as they hold with him I think the country will get on

satisfactorily. I do not consider the Government has been to blame in its Chinese policy, though you will have gathered from things I have said in the earlier part of my address that both in that and in their policy on the North-West frontier of India I should like to see evidence of a much more complete grasp of all the conditions of the problems with which they are dealing, than is apparent to my sight.

I have, however, I fear, exhausted even your splendid patience, nor can I venture to make any excuse, save the very lame one that I once, in December 1867, addressed you at not less length when speaking at Peterhead about Foreign Affairs, and I think the chances are very much against my ever having an opportunity of speaking to you again in this City, which was so long the centre of my thoughts, and with so many of whose inhabitants who are gone, as well as with some who still are with us, I have so many pleasant associations — associations which grow stronger as the clock is about to strike three-score years and ten.

END OF VOL. I.

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